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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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SINN FEIN AND THE ADMIRAL

"WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA" is as certain, as inevitable, as was war by England against Germany; it is, at most, a question of a few years." This startling statement is uttered casually by the New York *Irish World* in the course of an editorial on Rear-Admiral William Sowden Sims's unflattering characterization of American Sinn-Feiners in an after-luncheon speech in London. "Think of our fate when England strikes, with men like Sims, the Anglo-Saxon, with whom blood is thicker than water, in charge of our defenses," exclaims this Irish-American weekly. A more peaceful vision of the future is seen by the Admiral, who is quoted as saying: "The English-speaking peoples are coming together in the bonds of comradeship, and they are going to run this round globe."

While American editorial comment on the Admiral's verbal "indiscretion" in the main divides sharply into two camps, we find some on each side who say that he has done a public service. Thus turning again to *The Irish World*, we read: "Americans whom he has foully assailed feel that he has rendered a distinct service to the cause of Americanism by furnishing in his own person an exhibit of the demoralizing effects of Anglomania"; and a speaker before a New York gathering of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic is quoted as saying that such statements as those attributed to Admiral Sims "are of benefit to the Irish cause, because they show the thoroughness of British propaganda."

Wide World Photos.

ADMIRAL SIMS LANDING IN ENGLAND.

From the other camp, which is not committed to the cause of Irish freedom, come assurances that the Admiral's words, as cabled, have done good by turning the spotlight on a Sinn-Fein menace in this country. "Something like the Sims incident has long been needed to force a nation-wide realization that it is time to call a halt on those agitators who have been permitted to place this country in a false attitude in the matter of our foreign relations, and particularly our relations to one and all of our Allies in the late war," declares the New York *Evening Mail*, which goes on to say: "Admiral Sims has brought the matter to nation-wide attention, and his indiscretion ought to mean a clearing up of the situation and a lining up of those who favor the cause of the Allies as against those who do not." "Admiral Sims cleared the air, and in so doing did a public service," avers the New York *Tribune*, which interprets the speech as "an attack on the idea, naturally prevalent in Great Britain, that the behavior of Sinn-Fein mobs and of our pussyfooting politicians furnishes an accurate index of American opinion." His words are a salutary reminder that "an Irish Government can never be set up by raids of Sinn-Feiners on the American Government," thinks the New York *Times;* and the Boston *Transcript*, published in a city notable for the strength of its "Irish vote," remarks sympathetically that: "It will be a sad day when all the sea salt is gone out of the speech of our great sailors. A good, sound, nautical indiscretion is needed now and then to clear the air of the miasma of diplomatic shift and shuffle."

Speaking at a luncheon of the English-Speaking Union in London on June 7, Admiral Sims referred to the Sinn-Fein influence in American politics with a bluntness that caused instant repercussions in Washington and in the American press. Altho he has assured the Secretary of the Navy that his words "were not correctly quoted," that the context was "misleading and garbled," and that the "report of statements is incorrect and inferentially wrong," the correspondents point out that all accounts, in the English papers as well as in the cabled dispatches, agree virtually as to the substance of his remarks. The London dispatches, which he says are "garbled," quote him as advising Britons and Americans to disregard

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"dangerous propaganda circulated in America by your enemies and ours," and as going on to say in part:

"I do not want to touch on the Irish question, for I know nothing about it. But there are many in our country who technically are Americans, some of them naturalized and some born there, but none of them Americans at all. They are

"LOOK HERE, JOHN, WHAT DO YOU SERVE AT THESE BANQUETS?"

—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

American when they want money, but Sinn-Feiners when on the platform. They are making war on America to-day.

"The simple truth of it is that they have the blood of British and American boys on their hands for the obstructions they placed in the way of the most effective operation of the Allied naval forces during the war. They are like zebras, either black horses with white stripes, or white horses with black stripes. But we know they are not horses—they are asses, but each of these asses has a vote, and there are lots of them. One inconvenience of a republic is that these jackass votes must be catered to."

He advised the British, according to the correspondents, to ignore any resolution "forced by these jackasses' votes"; and he is credited with saying in conclusion:

"The Irish question is partly an American question. Eleven years ago I made a prophecy that came true. I will venture on another now. The English-speaking peoples are coming together in the bonds of comradeship, and they are going to run this round globe. I should like to see an inter-English-speaking policy, and when we have that we shall have peace and prosperity."

The next day Secretary of the Navy Denby cabled from Washington stating that he had read reports of the Admiral's speech "with amazement," and demanding to know at once "whether or not you were correctly quoted." The day following, but before he had received the Secretary's message, Admiral Sims was quoted by London correspondents as saying: "I stand by all I said, every word of it. I shall not repudiate a single word, and see nothing un-American in it, even if Senator McCormick does." The next day he was quoted as saying: "I am rather afraid that I have gone to excess in telling the truth." On the same day he cabled Secretary Denby that the accounts of his speech had been garbled; and on the following day, June 11, he received a message from the Navy Department revoking his leave and ordering him to "report at once in person."

In the meantime there had been action in Congress as well as in the Navy Department. In the House Representative Gallivan, of Massachusetts, introduced a resolution declaring that the Admiral was born under the British flag and "has shown himself to be an undesirable alien," and calling for his exclusion from the United States. In the Senate Senator Harrison, of Mississippi, moved for an investigation of the Admiral's alleged remarks, and the resolution was adopted. Representative Ryan, of New York, introduced a similar resolution, in the preamble to which he said:

"This statement is an attack upon the loyal citizens of the United States who are of Irish blood. Thousands such served the United States and her Allies faithfully during the world-war, and many made the supreme sacrifice."

Turning to the Irish-American press, we find the New York *Gaelic American*, which characterizes Admiral Sims as "an Anglo-Simian at large," remarking ominously:

"Anglomaniac Americans and interested financiers, native and foreign, may approve and be ready to condone the Admiral's monkey tricks in London; but it is to the American people, and not to them, that the Administration at Washington is responsible. By its action in this matter, it will be judged."

In the eyes of *The Irish World* (New York) the Admiral is a "thoroughly denationalized person who assails millions of American citizens because they are unwilling to keep pace with him in ardent devotion to a foreign country that has interests essentially antagonistic to those of the United States." "Sims," remarks this paper, "says that the Irish are asses. Well, Sims has already felt the asses' heels; and, ere long, those same heels will kick the stuffings out of the mangy cat known as the British lion." And in *The Irish Press*, of Philadelphia, we read:

"There is only one real hyphenated American, and that is the one with the double hyphen, the 'Anglo-Saxon-American' who is forever trying to make it appear that everything of any

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"WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

consequence in this country had its origin in England. He represents the one group that would make the United States a mere annex to a foreign Power.

"A great number of Americans, and the number is rapidly growing, are now convinced that the attitude of the United States toward Ireland thus far has not been a just one. It would not be in our power to make Ireland a nation, and it would doubtless

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be none of our business to seek to do so. But Ireland, being already a nation, has decided to have a republic, and has brought that republic into existence by the ballot. A foreign Power, by the use of force, is attempting to maintain an occupation of the country in defiance of the exprest will of the people. The United States must take some attitude toward the situation. It must take sides. Either it must recognize the foreign military rule, or else it must recognize the government of the people. Many Americans have come to the conclusion that our Government is not doing the right thing, nor the thing in accord with our traditions, by supporting the Black-and-Tan rule.

"Before a very long time those who have already become conscious that the United States is doing a wrong in its attitude toward Ireland will have convinced the majority of their fellow citizens of the same truth. Then the American Government will take the action which the people will require it to take, and England had better not allow herself to be misled by Sims's advice into disregarding this action brought about by the 'jackasses,' as this individual of foreign birth and foreign sympathies has called a considerable number of Americans."

"Admiral Sims is in his element again—in hot water," remarks the Buffalo *Evening News*, and many papers recall his famous "blood-is-thicker-than-water" speech, for which President Taft reprimanded him in 1910. Speaking in the London Guildhall on December 3 of that year, he said:

"If the time ever comes when the British Empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy, it is my opinion that you may count upon every man, every dollar, every drop of blood of your kindred across the sea."

"Admiral Sims has unquestionably shown that he loves England, not wisely, but too well," thinks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot;* and the Portland *Oregonian* deplores his "harmful loquacity." "No more untimely word could have been spoken for the cause of English-speaking union in the world than this purely gratuitous insult to a splendid body of the English-speaking of America," declares the Des Moines *Register*.

On the other hand, the Admiral does not lack enthusiastic and outspoken champions in the American press. Thus the Providence *Journal*, after surveying the editorial comment of many of its contemporaries on the Sims incident, is convinced that the bulk of the American public believes that "Admiral Sims, in denouncing the Sinn-Fein agitators in the United States, told the exact truth about them." He has merely "come in for the denunciation that every fearless man is subjected to when he speaks something approaching the truth in the Irish matter," declares the Grand Rapids *News*, which goes on to say:

"Americans have permitted themselves too long to be browbeaten by a few violent Irishmen, either citizens or residents without citizenship, every time any reference is made to the Irish question. It seems we may speak about any other people or any other question, but we must handle the Irish question with gloves, we must handle it only in a manner that pleases the few violent ones. Admiral Sims had the hardihood to hit these blatant browbeaters, the courage which few of our men in public life have. He said nothing to which the American citizen of Irish extraction, who is first of all an American, can object. And it is about time some one should hit the self-appointed directors of American opinion."

"All this hysteria over the Sims utterance reveals a political subserviency that is disheartening to clear-headed, honest-thinking Americans," remarks the New York *Herald*, which characterizes Secretary Denby's peremptory recall of the Admiral as "unthinkable and unpardonable." And in the *Army and Navy Register*, a Washington service journal, we read:

"No language can be strong enough in its condemnation of those who, during the war, sympathized with Germany and did what they could to materially aid the enemy. If Mr. Denby was looking for an opportunity to be amazed he might very well have transferred his emotions to the ignoble incident of the world-war that found British subjects in secret alliance with the Germans. The comment of Rear-Admiral Sims upon these miserable traitors deserves applause."

The very vehemence of the outcry raised by the Admiral's words convinces the New York *Tribune* that "in his overblazing candor he hit somewhere near the truth in his attack on the Sinn-Fein politicians of America." Says *The Tribune:*

"America protested, and properly protested, when an element in England helped this nation's enemies in our Civil War. It is just as objectionable now for an element in this country to foment civil war in another nation and to furnish funds to support murder gangs which hit in the dark and are subjecting Ireland to the horrors of guerrilla warfare. It is plain that fear

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MORE BECOMING.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

of loss of possible votes has colored the attitude of our American politicians. Why deny it?

"It is scarcely necessary to point out that in condemning Sinn-Fein as it is practised Admiral Sims did not attack the great body of men of Irish descent in this country. These are Americans first and may point with pride to a record of unbroken loyalty. But the professional Sinn-Feiner is of another quality and cares so little for America that he would embroil us, even to the extent of bringing on war, in a complicated controversy which, as President Harding has declared, does not concern us."

"In the very violence of their attacks upon the Admiral, Irish-Americans are furnishing proof of the truth, tho not of the discretion, of what he said," agrees the New York *Times*, which goes on to say:

"That many of them are engaged in organized efforts to embroil this country with England, there is abundant evidence. The legislature of Illinois recently passed through both houses a resolution calling upon the Government at Washington to recognize the Republic of Ireland. And in Congress itself resolutions to recognize Irish independence are pending, and are about to be called up for debate, with what spirit and purpose may easily be imagined.

"No form of demonstration of their intentions, or at least their desires, is left unused by Sinn-Feiners in this country.....

"The fierce antagonism shown by the Irish here to all forms of cooperation between the United States and Great Britain is now made retroactive. It is extended back to cover our joint fighting against Germany. *The Gaelic American* of this date, for example, undertakes to tell at last 'the truth about how the United States got into the war.' It was all due to wicked English propaganda. The millions came from England that paid for the lying, cant, and humbug which misled the American people. 'But,' concludes *The Gaelic American*, with tactful consideration of the feelings of its American readers, 'it would have been money wasted if we had not had a President more loyal to his mother's country than to the one he was born in, and a slavish Congress which obeyed the crack of his whip.'"

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GERMAN JUSTICE

SEVEN JUDGES IN VIOLET ROBES upheld the German policy of frightfulness when they acquitted Naval Lieutenant Karl Neumann of the sinking of the English hospital ship *Dover Castle*. Such is the view of the Providence *Bulletin* and a score of editors the country over. The Lieutenant's defense was that he merely obeyed orders, and the judges of the High Court at Leipzig, where the trials of German war prisoners are being held, acquitted him accordingly. "If this ruling is to be considered a general precedent, no submarine commander, no field commander, no military governor of occupied territory is likely to be brought to punishment, whatever may have been his crimes," concludes the Detroit *Free Press*. Nevertheless, thinks the Utica *Press*, "the subordinate who would sink a hospital ship or a *Lusitania*, with its hundreds of non-combatant men, women, and children, is not one whit less a murderer than his superiors who would order it; Neumann is freed by a German court, but by his own confession he and the Government he served are branded as murderers."

TO FACE THEIR FORMER GERMAN JAILERS

And testify to the brutal treatment they had received at German prison camps, these British ex-soldiers journeyed to Leipzig. They are here seen leaving London.

The long-delayed trials of German war criminals, originally intended to bring some one in authority to book for some of the major crimes committed in the war, began with the trial and conviction of a sergeant charged with brutal treatment of British war prisoners. Ten months' imprisonment was his portion, but, as the Tacoma *Ledger* puts it, "he was only one of the goats; the big criminals are the important items on the list." Next came the case of the Commandant of a German prison camp, who, according to the diary of a British prisoner, was "responsible for the deaths of hundreds of Tommies." Another British witness against the Herr Commandant said the German officer "liked to amuse himself by riding horseback into groups of sick prisoners too weak and helpless to get out of the way." Six months, said the seven judges in violet robes. A second non-commissioned officer, for striking prisoners with a rifle-butt, knocking them down, and continuing to strike them, was found guilty and sentenced to six months' imprisonment; then came the trial of Lieutenant Neumann. This was the crucial case of the four selected by the Germans to prove that they could render justice. But "it was not Lieutenant Neumann who was on trial; it was the whole German people, whose Government had ordered ruthless submarine warfare," declares Arno Dosch-Fleurot in a dispatch from Leipzig to the New York *World*. In this correspondent's opinion—

"It made no difference whether Neumann was convicted or acquitted, he was not the real criminal before the bar. The German Admiralty was on trial, yet the decision of the court had nothing to do with the guilt of the Admiralty. The question really before the court was whether the Admiralty had the moral right to sink British hospital ships, altho the court could decide only whether Neumann was guilty.

"The trial consisted in Neumann explaining that he only carried out explicit orders to sink British hospital ships, of which the *Dover Castle* happened to be one. He gave a cold recital of how he waited for six hours near the *Dover Castle* while it zigzagged in flight until the opportune moment to strike. His orders were read in court and the case came to an end. There were no witnesses because they were at the bottom of the sea."

Editors and correspondents remind us that Germany promised at Versailles to hand over to the Allies for trial an imposing list of indicted German war criminals. "There are 573 of them listed in a French 'Who's Who of Atrocity,'" according to the Chicago *Tribune*, including the names of Von Hindenburg, Prince Rupprecht, Von Mackensen, Von Bülow, Von Tirpitz, and Prince Eitel Friedrich. Even the former Kaiser was to be no exception; in fact, we are told, Premier Lloyd George's election pledge in 1919 was to "hang the ex-Kaiser." Germany, however, did not keep her promise, and the Allies thereupon permitted Germany to try the prisoners herself. Leading London papers call the trial a farce, as do the Milwaukee *Journal*, the Providence *Journal*, and a dozen more of our own papers. Yet, notes the Baltimore *American*, "an impartial effort by the Germans to fix the guilt of their countrymen is contrary to the laws of nature; the pot can not sincerely call the kettle black."

"The real criminals are the men higher up, the field-marshals and statesmen," asserts the New York *Times*, and its neighbor, *The Tribune*, tells us why:

"It follows that real responsibility for ruthless submarine warfare, the sinking of hospital ships and merchant ships, neutral or Allied, carrying non-combatant passengers; for the bombing of unfortified towns and land hospitals, the slaughter of enemy civilians and the wanton destruction of property outside the zone of battle rest with the German higher-ups, who determined that war should be waged on a new basis. The German policy was deliberate and cold-blooded. It was predicated on the assumption that the fighting was to occur mainly on foreign soil and that Germany would be fairly safe from reprisals. She had no merchant marine on the high seas. . . . . .

"Will the court go after the high command which framed the German policy of ruthlessness on land and sea and place the guilt where it belongs, even if the trial leads to Tirpitz, Falkenhayn, and Ludendorff, and to the once Aller-Höchste, now a crestfallen, cringing exile in Doorn? Or will it be solemnly adjudged, should they be brought into court, that they were not guilty because they took no personal part in the atrocities?"

"It does not appear that the Leipzig court has any intention of trying the higher-ups," says the Albany *Journal*, as if in reply. In fact, avers the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, "the spirit of Germany is the same as it was under the rule of the Kaiser; it is as full of deception, evasion, trickery, and assumption as ever."

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FIRE INSURANCE "HITS THE TRAIL"

THE SAWDUST TRAIL OF REFORM has been sought by more than one industry attempting to ward off popular wrath to come and escape severe legislative restrictions. And now the fire-insurance business, like the life-insurance business before it, like the railroads and some of our great corporations, finds certain profitable trade practises, hallowed by usage, denounced as sinful by an investigator, and condemned by editorial opinion. The stock fire-insurance companies doing business in New York are making a "belated surrender," are "cleaning house," are "following the example of Davy Crockett's coon and coming down," as various press writers phrase it, when they agree with the legislature's committee which has been exposing building graft in New York to eliminate five practises which the committee's counsel considers unethical and monopolistic. Such a spokesman of insurance as the New York *Weekly Underwriter* makes the best of the situation by observing that "usages often grow up in any business that seem justifiable to their authors and persist until the 'other fellow's side' appears. It is a credit to the business to find the companies so prompt to meet and follow constructive criticism."

"Extortion," "robbery," "criminal conspiracy" are some of the terms used to describe the methods the stock fire-insurance companies have been using to keep outsiders out of the New York field and to increase the profits of their stockholders. "These Insurance Conspirators Should Wear Prison Stripes!" cries Mr. Hearst's New York *American* in a head-line. Such feelings are natural enough, the New York *Globe* admits, but after all, we are told, it would "be a little unfair for us to punish what has been merely questionable conduct as severely as we punish what has been criminal conduct. We must give fair notice of our change of view-point first." Adds *The Globe:*

"If organizations discover their own iniquity at the same time we do, and wish to correct it, it is worth while making an experiment in pardon. We are out for results. Reform, if it is genuine, is as much as we could expect. If the insurance

ANOTHER CONVERSION.

—Kirby in the New York *World.*

companies live out their agreement with the Lockwood Committee it will be worth while dropping the case against them, as Mr. Untermyer has succeeded in having the committee do. Their promises represent a definite gain for company stockholders and house-builders."

Through these reforms, a number of dailies note, the policyholders of the nation will profit to the extent of something like $130,000,000. And, tho the Lockwood Committee has turned aside from the fire-insurance phase of its investigation of building conditions, the State legislature will be asked to enact reforms which the underwriters do not accept as well as those

THE FALSE FRONT.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

to which they have agreed, and a special investigation of the life-insurance business will be asked for.

What have the New York fire-insurance companies been doing to lead a conservative daily like *The Times* to declare that "no chapter in the history of the pillage of the public which Mr. Untermyer is bringing out has contained cleverer precepts in the art of fleecing and profiteering"? Most of Mr. Untermyer's information was obtained by questioning Mr. Alfred M. Best, who became an authority on insurance as publisher of *Best's Insurance Reports*, and the rest came from insurance officials and attorneys. It seems from the testimony, as reprinted in the New York papers, that fire-insurance premiums amount to about $850,000,000 annually in the entire country. More than two-thirds of the total business is done by stock companies and 45 per cent. of it by ten large companies. In New York State there are four "insurance exchanges," the New York Fire-Insurance Exchange covering the Metropolitan district. These exchanges are said to keep out mutual companies from the profitable New York business in two ways. In the first place, outside companies are not allowed access to the rate-making bureaus maintained at high expense by the exchanges. The second method is to pledge all insurance brokers not to do business or to reinsure risks with companies not in the exchange. Furthermore, in the New York Exchange at least, brokers signing a pledge not to write business for non-members are said to receive an additional 5 per cent. commission. The New York Exchange recently modified its rules to permit mutuals to compete for business provided they withhold from New York policyholders dividends usually given on premiums.

The charge of "profiteering" is based chiefly on what Mr. Untermyer calls "concealed profit." As the counsel explained the testimony to the committee, when a company collects a premium on a policy, it keeps half of it, out of which must come expenses, commissions, and profit. The other half, under the New York State Insurance Law, is put aside as a reserve. But

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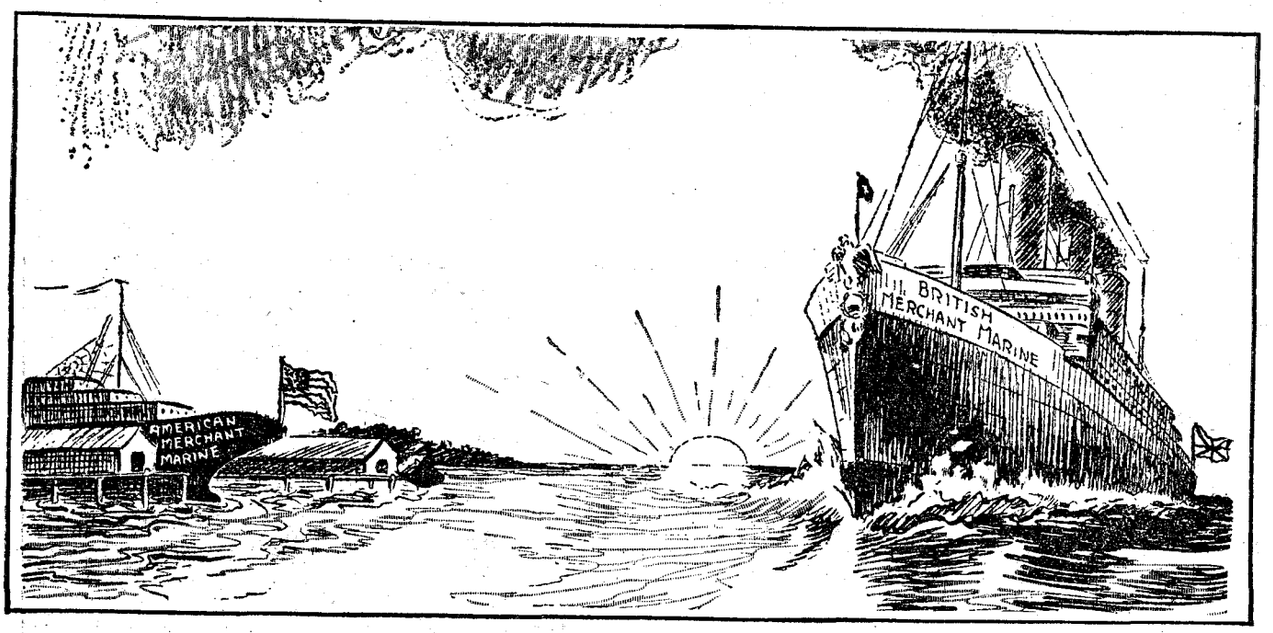

A TALE OF TWO FLAGS. —Gibbs in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

experience has proved that only half of this latter sum is needed to meet liabilities and losses, so that the other half "is really a profit, but it is never reported. It stays with the company and increases instead of being added to the reserve. The income on it is given to stockholders where we claim it does not belong." If this income were turned back to policyholders it would reduce premiums by $10,000,000 annually in New York alone, according to one witness.

After these facts had been brought out, Mr. Untermyer held a conference with the representatives of the leading companies, and an agreement was reached by which the former suspend inquiry into insurance affairs and the latter agreed actively to support certain remedies, some requiring legislation and some action by the fire-insurance exchanges. The points of agreement, as reported to the Lockwood Committee by its counsel, are summarized as follows from *The Eastern Underwriter's* (New York) account of the meeting:

All fire-insurance rates are to be subject to the supervision of the State Superintendent of Insurance.

There is to be similar supervision of any failure of rating associations to recognize new fire-prevention devices.

All mutual companies are to be given full rights and privileges in the rating associations.

Brokers may do business with whom they choose, and the State Superintendent of Insurance is empowered to supervise their activities with a view to prohibiting excessive commissions.

Three other recommendations made by the investigating committee were rejected by the insurance representatives but will be submitted to the State legislature:

Fire-insurance investments are to be regulated by law.

Companies must invest part of their assets in mortgages.

Income from "unearned premiums" is not to be appropriated by stockholders but is to be used for the benefit of policyholders.

"WE HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT,"

Declares the Shipping Board, in effect, as it appeals to the patriotism of American travelers through advertisements such as the above.

TO RESCUE OUR MERCHANT FLEET

ALBERT D. LASKER may not know the difference between the starboard bow and a marlinespike, as the Baltimore *Evening Sun* suggests, but dozens of editors laud his courage in giving up extensive business interests to accept the chairmanship of the Shipping Board, after the honor of handling its tangled affairs had been declined by several others. "The work of salvaging the government fleet from ruin and decay, in view of American shipping laws, American constructing and operating costs, and American export conditions, will not be child's play," notes the New York *Herald*, "but the country has every reason to feel confidence in the ability of Chairman Lasker to do the thing if it is in anybody's power to do it." "The questions before the Board are the knottiest that confront any government agency," asserts the New York *Times*, and if Mr. Lasker fails to solve them, "it will be his first failure, and a failure in which supposed sea and trade Solomons also have failed," remarks the Baltimore *Sun*.

"The fleet can be put on a paying basis, and I can operate it at a profit," was the astounding dispatch that was sent from Mr. Lasker's home city, Chicago, to a New York paper as the new chairman left for Washington, but, upon telegraphic inquiry, Mr. Lasker assured THE DIGEST that he was misquoted. "What I said was that the President wanted a basis established for a permanent and profitable American merchant marine to be developed through private initiative and enterprise," the new chairman telegraphed. Thus Mr. Lasker is seen to be in full accord with President Harding's policy, as outlined in a dispatch from the Baltimore *Sun's* Washington correspondent:

"1. That the business of ship operation be turned over to private interests with as little delay as possible.

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"2. That deficits must be stopt.

"3. That the Shipping Board shall make an appraisal of the assets of the Government under its jurisdiction and charge to the war every liability that can not be made useful and profitable."

"The first step of the new Board will be to formulate a policy, and the second will be to take the Government out of the shipping industry," is the positive statement of George Rothwell Brown, writing in the authoritative Washington *Post*. "President Harding is taking a direct and personal part in the impending liquidation of the largest single business in the world to-day, and a highly important policy which can not fail to have far-reaching and beneficial results has been outlined," adds Mr. Brown. The withdrawal of the Government from merchant shipping will require at least three years, he thinks. As we read on in *The Post:*

"It is to be the helpful intention of the Administration, of which the new Shipping Board is destined to become such an important part, to correlate the merchant marine with American commercial expansion, with port development, and all the other factors which are essential to a country's economic stability and development. Its plans are marked by breadth and vision.

"It is not to be expected that these things are to be brought about at once by the waving of a magician's wand; that can not be. The processes necessarily must be slow. It is the purpose of the Government that this part of the national structure shall be built up on a solid foundation.

"An asset which cost $3,000,000,000 could hardly bring to-day more than $750,000,000. This, also, is authoritative. The taxpayers will have to make up their minds that the enormous sum represented by the difference will have to be charged off on the ledger of patriotism as a part of the cost of the successful war against Germany, precisely as have been thus charged off the cannon, the guns, the ammunition, and the airplanes with which the war was won."

This is rather hard on American taxpayers, many editors agree, "but it is only what the merchants of the country have been compelled to do during the past few months in readjusting their war-time operations to a peace-time basis," notes the New York *Commercial*. "We have had the Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve Board telling the people of the country that their business enterprises must be deflated, yet the Government itself, engaging in what is essentially a private business, has hitherto refused to face the issue," maintains this business organ.

"After being in a position near the bottom of the list of the great seafaring nations we are once more near the top, and our Shipping Board crews are 80 per cent. American, whereas four years ago they were only 10 per cent. American," we are told by the Marion *Star*. What to do with the fleet of steel and wooden ships, however, "is a question that has perplexed even the experts in the shipping business," says the Chicago *News*. Here is part of Mr. Lasker's statement, made after he had accepted the chairmanship:

"American industry and finance can not exist on the scale to which it has been created unless foreign markets are opened and remain open. American commerce must compete successfully on the seas with the commerce of the world.

"The constructive end of the Shipping Board's work is to inaugurate and put in being a policy that will accomplish this. To this end it must call into cooperation other departments of the Government, all those interested in merchant marine and the manufacturers and financiers of the country. The President has said that the inspiration of private initiative and enterprise must be the guiding principles of the Board's work.

"It will be the first duty of the Board to do those things which are necessary to end incompetence and make of the Shipping Board a business institution guided by business principles and measuring up to business standards. The charge on the public treasury must be cut down, and that with all possible expedition, so that this burden on the taxpayers will be alleviated."

"At the end of May 684 steel ships (about one-third of this country's steam and oil tonnage) were laid up," declares the New York *Times*. "So many are idle that expenses run to $20,000,000 a month," is the startling announcement of the Baltimore *News*, and the Boston *Herald* notes that "there are 275 wooden vessels on the hands of the Shipping Board, and the care of them costs the Government $440,000 a year." What to do with them is one of the new chairman's problems. "Far better to give them away if they can not be sold, or to burn

THE NEW CHAIRMAN AND THE PRESIDENT,

Just after Mr. Lasker had said "Yes." "He has a high batting average as a business organizer," asserts Arthur Brisbane.

them if they can not be given away," thinks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

"The taxpayers of the United States must pay a stiff price for the procrastination of their Government," writes Ernest Cordeal in the *Transportation World* (New York); "two years ago the Government might have come well out of its investments in ships and shipyards, but to-day it must take a heavy loss. And the longer it delays in disposing of its interests, the greater will be the loss." "If the Shipping Board had not been prevented by the Hearst injunctions from putting ships on the auction-block a year or more ago, and had it not held them at too high a valuation, the Government might have cut its losses materially," declares the New York *Tribune*. Now, it adds, "the only way to avoid throwing good money after bad is to sell all the ships that can be sold and to stop operating the others." "The American public is tired of government coddling and nursing; it will not tolerate the ship-subsidy talk that has been going the rounds," agrees the New York *Journal of Commerce*.

"The merchant marine should not be entirely in private hands," thinks the Washington *Post*, "altho the ships may be privately operated." As the Providence *Journal* sums up the four-year régime of the Shipping Board:

"When all is said and done, the foundation has been laid for an American merchant marine. It has cost extravagantly, but the excess over what it is now worth may be absorbed in time. It has been an expensive experience, but has afforded a convincing demonstration of the shocking waste possible, even inevitable, to government ventures into the field of business. There is compensation in that. The educational value of the experience should serve us well, into the far future. At any rate, we have made a big beginning and there can be no thought of turning back."

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A UNITED STATES OF CENTRAL AMERICA

"WE MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER," Ben Franklin is quoted as saying, "or assuredly we shall all hang separately." Perhaps the five small republics comprising Central America did not reason along this line, but at any rate, after a somewhat checkered and stormy history, they have decided that hereafter the world shall know them as the Central-American Federation. And, since Secretary of State Hughes heartily indorses the union, several metropolitan editors are of the opinion that its future looks promising. Of course, the Brooklyn *Eagle* hastens to adds, "it would be too much to predict that a new union would be an immediate success, or that the Federation will end the domestic troubles of Central America, but the new union is a step in the right direction." The only "holdout" in the new league is Nicaragua, but that republic is expected to join and provision has been made in the constitution signed recently by Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica for its admission. "At present," points out the New York *Evening Mail*, "Nicaragua refrains from joining the other four through fear of losing her canal treaty rights with the United States." *The Mail* and other papers, therefore, consider it significant that at a luncheon given in honor of the Nicaraguan foreign minister, Secretary of State Hughes should praise without stint the Federation idea; this course may mean that "diplomacy has removed the obstacle which governed Nicaragua's actions," notes *The Mail*. Said Secretary Hughes:

"It is hoped that all remaining boundary controversies in this hemisphere may yield to peaceful methods and that this great source of disturbance and unrest may finally be removed. We are all, in our respective states, dedicated to the ideals of liberty, and we can not fail to recognize that these lofty conceptions can never be realized save as liberty itself is supported by the self-restraint which prefers the reign of justice to any of the temporary successes of tyranny.

"We have been deeply interested in the proposals that have been made to bring together the republics of Central America into a closer cooperation. If these proposals should meet with the acquiescence of all the peoples concerned, it would, in the opinion of this Government, be a happy result, as it would seem that important advantages would accrue through united efforts in the field of common interest."

"This marks an important advance in the history of Latin America," declares the Boston *Herald*, and it continues:

"The new republic is, in a sense, the revival of the republic which existed eighty years ago, but was broken up by intrigues and conspiracies of various types, followed by a succession of revolutions and wars. The new Constitution follows closely our own Constitution in defining the relations and functions of the Federal and State Governments. There is to be a Congress in each State corresponding to our State Legislatures. The states will elect a constituent national Assembly corresponding to our Congress, composed of two houses, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies—the Senate consisting of three Senators from each State, elected by the Congress of the State, and the Chamber of Deputies consisting of representatives elected by the people in the ratio of one representative to every 100,000 inhabitants."

"These republics have separate and distinct nationalities, and individual national histories, yet the bonds of common interest and common ideals are more enduring than any incidental divergences," remarks the Boston *Transcript*. Moreover·

"All share in the common heritage of Spanish-American history, and each is bound to the others by ties of race and language. Under these conditions a Central-American Federation of some sort is the most natural thing in the world. . . . . .

"Guatemala has an area of 47,500 square miles, and a population of 2,000,000; Honduras, an area of 44,275 square miles, and a population of 553,000; Salvador, an area of 7,225 square miles, and a population of 1,300,000; Costa Rica, an area of 23,000 square miles, and a population of 441,000; and Nicaragua, an area of 51,700 square miles, and a population of 600,000—in all nearly 5,000,000."

These republics "have a common interest in progress, which can be assured only by their getting together," asserts the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. "Union can bring advantages with a rapidity which the separate activity of five separate political organizations could never hope to emulate," observes the New York *Evening Mail*. As the Brooklyn *Eagle* puts it:

"A union of the Central-American states is both desirable and logical. Such an organization should be dictated by every consideration, political and geographical. Motives of self-interest would ordinarily have brought about a stable union long ago, for in foreign affairs the interests of the five republics lying between Mexico and Panama are identical."

THE RHINE'S "BLACK HORROR" FADED

A "HORRID LACK OF HORRORS" exists on the Rhine, remarks the sometimes facetious New York *Times*. In March, it will be recalled, 12,000 persons attended a mass-meeting in Madison Square Garden in New York to protest against the presence of colored French troops in the army of occupation on the Rhine. These troops, according to posters sent from Munich, were "violating German women and spreading disease in the Rhineland." Now we have an official German repudiation of such statements from the Councilor of Health at Baden. "Fear of improper behavior on the part of French colored troops is devoid of all foundation," he says; "no one has been in any way molested." Hence the alliterative and unsympathetic "horrid" of *The Times*, for, it calculates, this official denial will take considerable wind from the sails of the "New York Campaign Committee Against the Rhine Horror," which held the mass-meeting.

The Paris correspondent of *The Times* supplies the reason for the above official statement of the Herr Doctor. "Wails of distress are rising from the hotel-keepers and tradesmen of the summer resorts and beauty spots on the Rhine," he writes. The yearly host of visitors, it seems, has been frightened away by widely circulated reports of the "Black Terror." In other words, the Rhine's loss is the Austrian Tyrol's gain. As the usually conservative *Wall Street Journal* puts it, "the only 'horror on the Rhine' is the killing of the rich tourist trade."

"There are still black troops on the Rhine," says Lewis G Gannett, in *The Nation* (New York), after a personal survey. But, he avers, "the negro troops are behaving exceedingly well, and the population has little to complain of. The circumstances of their presence have been outrageously exaggerated. Munich is the center from which this propaganda is spread, and German officials have told me that the spreading of it is a commercial enterprise conducted for profit." Said the police inspector of one German city to Mr. Gannett:

"The colored troops make no trouble for us. They do not know why they are here; they merely obey orders. They are not arrogant; they have no pride in militarism; they have no special dislike or scorn of us as Germans, and they treat us exactly as they would treat French, or English, or American civilians."

Furthermore, editorially asserts *The Nation*, which has never been unfair to Germany:

"That the quartering of troops—regardless of color—works great hardships on the civilian population is undoubted, . . . but the facts in relation to the black troops do not warrant the propaganda campaign being waged with especial vigor in this country. . . . Some prefer to stir up hate over the one issue involved in the location of some divisions of colored troops in the Rhineland, counting on America's well-known color psychosis. This is as mistaken as it is futile. A great many who have been carried into this movement are sincere, but they have been grievously misled by their Vierecks and their Von Machs."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

GERMANY must pare to repair.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

THE real Yellow Peril isn't a race, but a streak.—*Boston Post.*

WILL blood prove thicker than oil?—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

MAN reaps what he sows unless he is an amateur gardener.—*Washington Herald.*

WAR on waste may help make up for the waste of war.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

CARSON and arson are the two chief barriers to peace in Ireland.—*Asheville Times.*

IF we scrap for Yap it will be because we yap for a scrap.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

A VERSATILE admiral is one who frequently gets into hot water.—*New York Evening Post.*

WHEN we've scrapped the Navy we won't be in shape to scrap anybody.—*Washington Post.*

GERMANY said she could not pay. A few years ago she said she could not lose.—*Seattle Argus.*

IT is really Germany that is on trial in the trial of its war criminals.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

THE best way to honor our dead soldiers is to remember the living.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

IT is a pity that so many men get a college training without getting an education.—*Washington Post.*

NO matter how high taxes are, they always slide on down to the ultimate consumer.—*Albany Times-Union.*

TOO many scions of wealth are more interested in showing their metal than their mettle.—*Asheville Times.*

ADD Admiral Sims's name to the list of those who will never become Irish saints.—*Greensboro (N. C.) Record.*

HENRY FORD has produced 5,000,000 flivvers, not including his peace expedition.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

INDUSTRY isn't suffering from hardening of the arteries, but poor circulation.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

MOST of the States so far report a male population in excess of the female. The country seems to be safe.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Anti-Saloon League's kick is that the nation is taking to prohibition with too much cellarity.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

SOME of those European countries are evidently tired of waiting for the next war and are starting it now.—*New York Evening Mail.*

IF the Powers do as much side-stepping about reduction of armament as Congress, we are still a long way from it.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

THE LITERARY DIGEST asks: "Is there anything wrong with the girl of to-day?" Well, we haven't seen her ears.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

PEACE and world disarmament are only what we pray for.
Wars, and guns, and battle-ships are things we have to pay for.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FOR every woman who makes a fool out of a man there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.—*Lincoln Star.*

TO business: The first part of the "Stop, look, and listen" sign was not intended as a permanent order.—*Cleveland News.*

NOW that all the girls are drest like that, the vamp has to do some real acting to put over the idea of wickedness.—*Canton Repository.*

IT might help some to omit from histories the portraits of victorious generals and print pictures of wounded privates instead. — *Akron Beacon-Journal.*

IN Chicago it's been William Hale Thompson for a long, long time, but there's a faint indication now that it's going to be William, hail and farewell.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A HUMORIST suggests a movement for the return of all the yaps to Yap, evidently overlooking the fact that the island has only eight square miles of area.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

W. L. GEORGE, the English writer, says American children have no fun. Has he ever worn a plug-hat down Main Street just after a big snowstorm?—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

THE great Anglo-Saxon race is for oil.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

TULSA needs only sackcloth. She has the ashes.—*Nashville Banner.*

HUNGARY refuses to draw a king from the discard.—*New York American.*

LONG-TONGUED diplomacy is usually long-eared.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

ONE-HALF the world doesn't know how the other half flivs.—*Moline Dispatch.*

FRANCE can not control both birth and Germany.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

THE railroads are learning that high fare isn't nourishing.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE Teutonic mailed fist went to the dead-letter office.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

"THE next war will be in the air." Well, it will have nothing on peace.—*Washington Post.*

A WOMAN'S face used to be her fortune. Now it's the druggist's.—*New York American.*

WHAT the classes need is less consciousness and more conscientiousness.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE goose-step got the world in bad and the side-step is keeping it there.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

CIVILIZED nations: Those that are regarded by their neighbors as a menace.—*Worcester Gazette.*

IT isn't possible for mother to cut down her skirts for little daughter any more.—*New York American.*

NOW that peanuts are to be given more protection, some Congressmen feel much safer.—*Washington Post.*

METHODS of wielding the ax may change but the consumer's neck is sure to receive the blow.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE end will come in Russia when the printers and engravers at the mint strike for real wages.—*Dallas News.*

IF we are going to be Europe's fire department we may as well have some fire inspectors on the job.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

IN West Virginia the coal-cars are shunted and held, while the coal-miners are hunted and shelled.—*Washington Post.*

DUELING is said to again be popular in Germany. Dueling in Germany is bound to be popular in this country, too.—*Seattle Argus.*

IN his campaign to lick the world Lenine is beginning to show a commendable disposition to begin with the boots.—*Baltimore Sun.*

GOD established enmity between man and the serpent; but that was before a bite was good for a prescription.—*Dayton News.*

THE modern ladies should devote less energy to making permanent waves and more to making permanent wives.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

OUR books are so full of a number of laws,
I'm sure that our lives must be now without flaws
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE Turks are complaining about the inhumanity of the Greeks, and they ought to know inhumanity when they meet it.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

THE trouble is that the average man wants war-time prices for what he sells and peace-time prices for what he buys. "It can't be done."—*Marion Star.*

IT'S a great misfortune that Lenine didn't recognize the worth of the capitalistic class until after he had buried most of 'em.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

SUCH a racket. Wouldn't it be a good plan for the League to examine these infant republics and see if a pin is sticking them any place?—*Passaic News.*

THE so-called experts tell us that business has turned the corner. If it has, we've got a suspicion that it did so on two wheels and is still skidding a bit.—*Roanoke Times.*

MR. HARVEY'S Pilgrim speech shows that he is entitled to rank not only as a plenipotentiary extraordinary, but also as an extraordinary plenipotentiary.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

GENERAL WOOD advises teaching the Filipinos obedience to law and order. Will they take postgraduate courses in Georgia, Oklahoma, or West Virginia?—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

CAN'T DO BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE EVER-READY HAPSBURGS

HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST is now the motto of Charles of Hapsburg and his adherents, it is said by certain European observers who warn us not to be lulled into the belief that Charles's fiasco and his return to Switzerland mean that he is "finally routed." The truth is that the danger of a Hapsburg restoration in Hungary is still real, and the followers of Charles are only waiting for the opportune moment. In proof we have the statement of Dr. Paul Szende, former Hungarian Minister of Finance, who remarks that in Charles's manifestoes and his *communiqués* he is always prating about the ardent love the Hungarian people bear toward the Hapsburgs. Now of all things the majority of people in Hungary do not want, it is a return of the Hapsburgs, according to Dr. Szende, who tells us in *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris) that the history of the past four hundred years in Hungary is one long struggle against the Hapsburgs, and that the great national heroes of the Hungarian people, down to Kossuth, were the leaders of famous liberty campaigns whose objective was to shake off the Hapsburg yoke. The most numerous section of Hungary's population to-day, namely, the peasants, have always been Kossuthians and always have voted for the "party of independence." To-day they are anti-Carlist and call themselves "partizans of a free election of the king." The greater part of this organization is made up of Republicans, but as the mere admission of republicanism is sufficient in present-day Hungary to draw a penalty, they take the provisional pseudonym of "partizans of the free election of the king." The industrial and agricultural workers are also Republicans, and the republic idea has many supporters among the small manufacturers and the intellectuals who formerly voted for the "party of independence." But since the White Terror they have not dared to state their opinions openly. As to the adherents of Hapsburg, we read:

"First there are the officers. At bottom Hungary is nothing more than a republic of officers of the Army. Any lieutenant is more powerful than a Cabinet minister. The officers are the principal upholders and, if one may so put it, the arch of the present system of government, of which the former Minister of the Interior, Mr. Edmond de Beniczky, recently declared in a public session of the Parliament on April 20 that it is 'the most cowardly and stupid military dictatorship in the world.' Including the officers of reserve there are more than 100,000 members of the Hapsburg organization, some of whom have served in the national Army and others in the sundry auxiliary formations. Others still are employed in certain services of the state, yet they are organized and armed. They lead an easy, comfortable life. Therefore, they are devotedly monarchist because they know that under a democratic régime their occupation would be gone. If they are unable just now to bring the Hapsburgs back, at least they wish to make the present régime—a kingdom without a king—last as long as they can."

Dr. Szende goes on to say that the great landed proprietors, the higher clergy, and the high-finance Jews and the rich Jews in general are menaced seriously by land reform in Hungary. In all the states around Hungary this land reform has already been put into effect, and it must soon come in Hungary itself. Now, the monarchy is the last hope of the aristocrats by which they count on preventing land reform. That is why Count

"ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY NAMED KARL,
WHO LONGED FOR THE SEAT OF THE MIGHTY."
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

MOTTO FOR THE WOULD-BE KING:
"Here I am, and here I hang."
—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

MISADVENTURES OF THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING.

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Jules Andrassy, who has spent his life in serving the German alliance and Prussian militarism, is so obsequious to the aristocrats. As soon as he became convinced that only France could restore the Hapsburgs in Hungary, he began to plead for an alliance with France and to urge separation from Germany. "It is to be hoped that the French Republic will bluntly refuse to make common cause with the great Hungarian land proprietors," and this democratic ex-minister continues:

"The political strength of the higher clergy is doomed in Hungary unless a clerical monarchy comes to their assistance, because the influence of the Calvinists is very strong. Again, anti-Semitism is a part of the government program in Hungary. The Jewish population is persecuted, tormented, and hunted—that is, the poor Jews and the intellectual Jews. Thanks to the corruption which characterizes the so-called 'Christians,' the rich Jews are better off than ever. They would be delighted to see a restoration which would afford them a sound basis on which to maneuver their shady enterprises. It is characteristic of the present system that the chief supporters of the 'Christian' court are Jews, such as Mr. Charles Halmos, a Jewish lawyer, who is the agent and practical ambassador at Paris of General Horthy.

"Horthy himself is a Legitimist and wears still the uniform of the 'Imperial and Royal' fleet, which passed out of existence long ago. But he finds himself 'bound' by his oath of fidelity to the flag; and all his efforts are aimed to prolong his position as 'lieutenant of the king' (*locum tenens*). It is Horthy's notion that the ideal solution would be for Charles to abdicate in favor of his minor son, the Prince Hereditary Otto. Thus Horthy would remain in power for years to come, by virtue of being regent and tutor for the young king. His fate is entirely bound up with the destiny of Legitimists. The moment this régime no longer lends him its shadow to live in, he is lost, for he has not the slightest foothold among the people. He is hated as much by the peasants as by the workers. The few deputies who support the party of small proprietors in Parliament are not the true representatives of the peasants, but political adventurers paid by Horthy and by the Government, who hide under the banners of this party in order the better to serve their personal interests."

We are told further that Horthy is also the leader of the Chauvinistic policy of revenge, which is used as a cloak to hide internal reaction. He will oppose the disarmament demanded by the Treaty of Trianon with all means in his power, because if his detachments and terrorist troops were disbanded his power would evaporate. The Hungarian Government is playing the same crafty game, according to Dr. Szende, who explains:

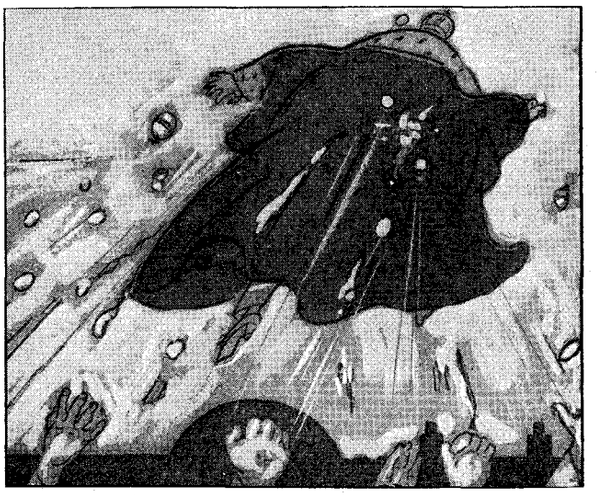
"The program of the new Premier, Count Stephen Bethlen, is characteristic of this policy. It would provisionally eliminate the question of royalty and would give assurance that it combated all royalist propaganda. But as the Legitimists have all the forces of the country in their power they have no need for propaganda. In truth, the declaration of Bethlen means that he will suppress all manifestations of anti-Hapsburg feeling, that is, of republican feeling. The peace of Central Europe depends solely on the question whether the Hapsburgs are to be eliminated, not for the time, but once for all, forever, and that right now. Public opinion in Europe should be advised that any Hungarian politician who wants to postpone the solution of this question is no more nor less than a disguised Legitimist who is waiting for the first good opportunity to restore the Hapsburg dynasty."

On behalf of Premier Bethlen we have an authorized statement communicated to Lieutenant-Colonel Repington as special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* at Budapest. In this statement the views of Count Banffy, Minister for Foreign Affairs, are also embodied, and we cull the following:

"The Government is the guardian of a nation's life and not of classes, creeds, parties, or individual interests. The Government is to be one of justice, order, and firmness. Any form of destructive force would have to be checked. The world at large has been until now under the influence of a destructive train of thought; Russian Bolshevism is ensnaring every country. If we failed to restrain it with a strong hand, peace and order would be upset and consolidation become impossible.

"The revolutions are over; let us be done with the revolutionary spirit, too. When we are propagating Christianity we are not against liberty, we are not fighting democracy, but we are looking for a new path leading up to these achievements. Liberty is not an aim but a means of attaining the greatest possible amount of well-being for large social strata. Here the thought occurs: 'How do we stand with democracy?' Democracy insures that every class shall under equal condition find its place within the organization of a state. But democracy can never mean a reign of the raw masses, as it can not mean privileges for minorities. Real democracy insures on the one hand the leadership of the intellectuals; on the other it largely draws into the life of the state the rest of the classes. A democracy that does not recognize this truth is not democracy, but demagogy."

Hungary to-day must be described as "a regency rather than a republic," according to Lieutenant-Colonel Repington, who tells us that it calls itself the "Royal Hungarian Government,"



CHARLES HAPSBURG'S SUCCESSFUL RUN.

"As the star in the operetta, 'If I Were King,' Mr. Hapsburg enjoyed a successful run of one night."

—*Tidens Tegn* (Christiania).

and uses the royal arms with the crown upon its official notepaper. Admiral Horthy bears the title of *Altesse Serenissime*, and has certain rights associated with the monarchy, and this British correspondent adds: "It is difficult for any one but a Magyar to understand the position of the people with regard to the monarchy." For our further information we have the report of a Budapest correspondent of the *Echo de Paris*, who portrays Admiral Horthy as the "human incarnation of firmness." He has a narrow forehead, stubborn carriage of the head, a heavy, square jaw, thin lips, a strong nose, while his whole countenance is enlivened with frank, fearless eyes. This French informant relates that as soon as the Admiral got sight of him "he spilled his violent contempt on all democracy," and this is part of what he said:

"Sometimes we dream of the republics of antiquity in which the best elements played leading rôles. In our day it is the lowest and most vulgar who occupy the scene, because the nobler men have withdrawn. In consequence, what abuses of liberty are committed, and what disorder and corruption prevail! We have just escaped from a terrible crisis. Without mentioning the despicableness of Bolshevism, Hungary has lost two-thirds of her territory and almost three-fourths of her inhabitants. . . . Despite all, I have absolute faith in our future, because we are the strong element in these Balkans of Central Europe which the Entente has seen fit to extend as far as Danzig. Our finances are being reorganized, and we have established order, which is more in evidence among us than anywhere else."

This order is the "military dictatorship, the White Terror," according to the Paris Communist *Humanité*, which says that "only the Soviets of Russia could save the Hungarian workers, menaced by the martyrdom of reprisals."

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"HANDS OFF" TO IRISH-AMERICANS

BRITISH FEELING AGAINST THE IRISH is more bitter than ever before, and that is why, as far as London is concerned, say some correspondents there, Admiral Sims's speech made a distinct "hit." One explanation of British opinion, we are told, is that the British public does not get any but Dublin Castle news from Ireland save through the Manchester *Guardian* and the Liberal newspapers, which have "relatively small influence in London." In the Dublin *Irish Independent* appears a letter signed "America," which is described in dispatches from that city as "personally abusive, the writer saying [of Admiral Sims] nothing better could be expected from one born in Canada of English

THE TARGET.

—*The Star* (London).

parents." The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* believes Secretary of the Navy Denby may be expected to take "suitable action," yet "it would be too much to hope that experience will teach Rear-Admiral Sims a lesson, because long before the war he had ranged himself on the side of the British. Hatred of Ireland has always been the badge of transatlantic Anglomaniacs." This Dublin daily demands specific charges from the Admiral, and declares that only one American troop-ship was lost in Irish waters, and this happened off the Antrim coast, where the Sinn-Feiners were "a negligible quantity." But in Ulster we learn that among the Unionists there is a feeling of gratefulness toward the Admiral, regardless of what Washington may think of his speech before the English-speaking Union in London. The fact is, some Belfast newspapers aver, American interference in Irish affairs has become a "nuisance." Thus, the Belfast *Telegraph* cites the resolution of protest about Ireland which was introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Norris, and declares that "for sheer audacity and arrogance it would be difficult to beat." The protest takes the form of a joint resolution which, if adopted by the Senate and House and approved by the President, will have the effect of law, but this "means nothing, as we have not yet arrived at the stage when the Americans legislate for the British Isles." Incidentally, this newspaper remarks:

"A few days ago we read a terrible account of the manner in which negroes are treated in the State of Georgia under the Stars and Stripes. It may be true, or it may not; but what would the American people say if the British Parliament passed a resolution protesting against it, and making the wildest charges against the Government responsible? What would the American people say if the British Parliament passed a resolution declaring that the inhabitants of any particular part of the United States territory were entitled to 'a government of their own choice'? The Americans would speedily tell the British to mind their own business, and rightly so. Can they not apply the same principle to interference in British affairs? The government of Ireland is no more a concern of the United States than is the government of the State of Illinois a matter for Britain. It is quite true that the Senate has not passed the protest of Senator Norris, but even its introduction is an insult to the British people."

We read further that the Norris resolution is put forward on the ground that the "present situation is making it exceedingly difficult to maintain unimpaired and unembarrassed the long-standing good will and common understanding between the United States and Great Britain, which the Congress is zealously desirous of fostering and perpetuating." Now, declares *The Telegraph*, it is notorious that America is "flooded with anti-British propaganda," and does any one contend that its object is to "improve Anglo-American relations"? We read then:

"Some time ago the British Government foolishly gave a body, styling itself the American Committee for Relief in Ireland, permission to travel all over the country. That Committee is now engaged in the task of spreading misrepresentations, and worse, about the British Government all over the States. They state that there are '25,000 families in Ireland, numbering approximately 100,000 men, women, and children, in pitiful need of instant help from the American people. These 100,000 people are composed entirely of men and women who have quietly gone about their peaceful pursuits all their lives, and who have stedfastly refrained from taking part in armed activities.' The statements of this Committee have even been swallowed in England by opponents of the Government to such an extent that a few days ago Rev. Amos Burnet, of London, a well-known clergyman of the Methodist Church, wrote, after a visit to Ireland, that since his return to England he was 'distressed to note in some quarters, where one might expect better understanding, that the ex-parte statements of a self-constituted American commission have been accepted with avidity, even tho they contradict the best opinion of our own people in Ireland.' Those Americans who poke their noses into affairs that do not concern them invariably omit the other side of the story—the murders, shootings, burnings, outrages, and intimidations carried on against the forces of the Crown and loyal men and women."

CHINA'S RAMSHACKLE REPUBLIC—So diminished is the authority of the Peking Government, even in those provinces of China which are not restive, and so tenuous are the bonds between these provinces and Peking, that a Paris *Temps* correspondent tells us there is even now almost in existence "a kind of federalized China." For our information on Chinese politics, he quotes a famous Chinese liberal, and former president of the Senate, Mr. Ling Cha Yi, as saying:

"Chinese politics must not be judged from the view-point of the struggle between the north and the south—namely, the efforts which the Peking Government is making to centralize power. From this view-point the spectacle is unquestionably depressing; but if we consider the efforts made by the individual provinces to attain to a sort of self-government, with a tendency toward federalism, we are entitled to entertain high hopes. I do not speak of the activities of the several personalities in each province who are striving, without exception, to reach some purely selfish goal and to establish small military dictatorships. I have in mind the operations of the different organisms springing from the people themselves and which are much more vigorous than formerly."

The *Temps* correspondent confessed to this Chinese leader that federalism in China seemed difficult of realization because of the economic disparity of the provinces, some of which are rich in material resources, while others are poor and barren. This French observer exprest his fear that the poorer ones might

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be inclined to prey upon the more plenteously endowed provinces, and so it seemed that the federalism to come in China should be in the guise of groups of provinces, which would "form an economic equilibrium, and would be bound together by a higher authority," rather than a federalism in American style, which is "what is generally envisaged in China." But to this outline the Chinese statesman objected that a federalism based on provincial groups would be dangerous because of the "enormous play of conflicting forces in each group, which would soon menace the stability of such a régime."

LABOR CONFLICTS IN SCANDINAVIA

THE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES have been sharing the labor unrest felt throughout the world, and, as everywhere else, the conflicts center primarily in the wage question and the cost of living. The most ominous labor conflict is said to have been a general strike in Norway, which lasted from May 26 to June 8; but its gravity was more in what the strike betokened than in what it really effected. The sailors and steamship engineers went on strike at the beginning of May in protest against a cut in wages. This cut of 33 per cent. was made necessary, say the employers, because of the dulness of the freight business and the fact that a large percentage of the Norwegian merchant marine is idle. As a result of the sailors' strike the leaders of the National Labor Association called a general strike, which took effect May 26. It was joined by 130,000 laborers, but did not meet unanimous response, inasmuch as several local unions objected to go on strike in this time of economic depression. It would seem, according to some editors, that the leaders either intended the strike merely as a demonstration, or that they hoped for a revolutionary development of events. The Conservative newspapers reproached the labor leaders for calling the strike, and the Christiania *Tidens Tegn* observed:

"If the moderate elements of the labor party, which probably still constitute the majority, had the courage to act as responsible men, they would have endeavored to halt the strike while there was yet time. It must be evidenced to them that a general strike now can not result in anything but a defeat of the workingmen. A general strike is different from an ordinary strike. It must either ebb out in defeat very soon or soon develop into revolution. The latter alternative is what the Communists hope for. But even in this respect there is no doubt as to the result. The Norwegian people are largely an agricultural people, with a small percentage only of industrial workers; and the conservative elements constitute a decided majority. Even every intelligent Communist ought to understand that he may succeed in bringing about terrible calamities, but not in creating a Norwegian Soviet republic. We wish such intelligent Communists would act in accordance with these facts before too much harm can be done."

A Liberal paper, the *Stavanger Aftenblad*, declares: "The revolutionary imagination of the leaders does not correspond to the view of the workingmen as a whole. In fact, the leaders are supported by only a scanty number which will be found quite powerless when confronted by the conscious will and instinct of self-preservation in society." The Communist organ, *Social-Demokraten*, naturally called on the strike participants to "persevere until a victorious result has been attained." This paper also maintained that the strike met "enthusiastic response" among the workingmen, but that statement is denied by the Conservative Christiania *Aftenposten*, which said:

"In view of the opposition to the strike among the workers themselves, it may be maintained from a Conservative point of view that it does not seriously matter if the strike can not now be stopped. A general strike under present conditions can not shake society. The result attainable from it is a demonstration of the fact that a general strike is a boomerang which will hit those who use it against the existing order of society."

During the first days of the strike, the newspapers reported riots and disorders in various cities, and the Government called out troops to assist the police in maintaining order. But we are told that these riots seemed to be carried on by the mob without any idea of Communist purpose. The crowds were everywhere quickly scattered by the police, and the troops and the Government kept a firm grip on the situation. The most urgent work was performed by organized volunteer citizens, who were able to handle even the traffic problem successfully. As the Conservative and Liberal papers predicted, the strike was short-lived, and on June 8 it was decided to end the strike and resume work two days later. The general strike is said by these papers to have proved "an empty demonstration burdening the workers with unnecessary hardships." The sailors,

NONE SO BLIND—

THE SHOWMAN—"Hullo! You'd better be careful how you go to work with that saw!"

THE MAN-UP-THE-TREE—"That's all right, mate. I don't care. It ain't my tree!"

—*The Passing Show* (London).

marine engineers, and longshoremen, out of whose troubles the general strike was hatched, remain on strike, but new negotiations for a settlement are under way.

From the Swedish press we learn that the seamen and stokers of that country, too, went on strike June 3 in protest against a cut of 30 per cent. in wages. But it is said that the ship-owners are not alarmed because 75 per cent. of the Swedish merchant marine is laid up, and they are able to secure a sufficient number of volunteers to man the active fleet. In Denmark the Danish Employers' Association declared lockouts in several industries in order to enforce a reduction of wages, and Copenhagen newspapers relate that it looked as if this action might lead to a fierce struggle between the workers and the employers. Fortunately, representatives of the contending parties succeeded in the course of a few weeks in reaching a kind of compromise agreement. By this agreement wages were cut down thirteen ore (26 cents) per hour, and further reductions are to be made proportionally with the decrease of the cost of living.

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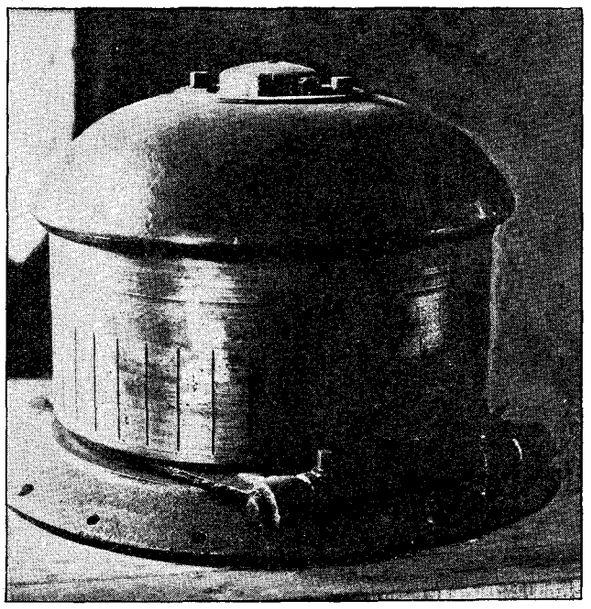
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

IMPROVED TANKS FOR THE NEXT WAR

IMPROVEMENTS IN MILITARY "TANKS" are largely in details to facilitate operation and add to the comfort of the crew. Raymond E. Carlson, who writes on "Tanks with Modern Improvements," in *Army Ordnance* (Washington), mentions devices to make observation easier, the gyroscopic compass to obviate magnetic influence, telephonic communication between commander and crew, protection against gas-attacks, and refrigeration to promote operation and comfort. In other words, says the writer, the tank, which has been described as "a deaf, dumb, and blind beast," is to be given eyes, ears, and some other human attributes, so that, through the crew, it will become a more efficient fighting-machine. Visually, Mr. Carlson says, the tank is somewhat like a short-sighted man, or one who has been to the eye doctor and has to wear dark glasses. The observer is closed in by steel walls, which are bumping around violently. Observation is through slits, which must be small, and the observer has great difficulty in keeping his eye at the slit without bumping against the steel side of the tank. A small periscope is also used when enemy fire is severe. He goes on:



Courtesy of "Army Ordnance," Washington.

A NEW CONNING-TOWER FOR TANKS.

The "stroboscope" works on the same principle as the movies.

"Since tanks were first used, much time and effort have been spent with a view to securing better observation and at the same time providing protection to the observer. So far the scheme which gives most promise is an application of the stroboscope principle. The stroboscope as applied to tanks consists of an outer cylinder which revolves at 300 or 400 revolutions per minute. In the sides of the cylinder are placed vertical slits having a width of approximately 1/12-inch — sufficiently narrow so that even tho a bullet should hit directly on the slit the steel core would be prevented from going through. Inside of this outer cylinder is another, which remains stationary and is fixt to the tank. This cylinder has windows of non-shatterable glass so arranged that in case any molten lead or splash comes through the outer slits and splinters or blurs up the window, this window can be easily and quickly replaced by a clean one.

"Most every one has noticed while walking alongside a picket fence that the pickets seem to have very little effect on the objects behind the fence, or that while looking through the spokes of a wheel which is turning the spokes only slightly dim the clearness of an object behind the wheel. The stroboscope operates on exactly this same principle. The retina of the eye will hold an image for approximately one-tenth of a second, and if sufficient slits are put in this outer revolving cylinder and the cylinder turned at a speed so that a new slit will be presented before the line of vision of the eye within the time period of one-tenth of a second, practically continuous observation will be obtained.

"In order that tanks may follow prescribed routes and have information as to their location it is necessary to provide radio directive apparatus or reliable compasses. During the past war magnetic compasses of the airplane type were provided for tanks and were used with fair success. The tank is not well suited for the use of an ordinary magnetic compass on account of the fact that its hull forms a magnetic shield and that the revolving track shoes and firing of steel projectiles upset the magnetic distribution. There is being developed a gyroscopic compass which, it is believed, will be of great value to the tank. As is well known, the gyroscopic compass obtains its directive force through the interreaction of the earth's rotation and the rotation of the gyro wheel, the latter at the equator always tending to keep its axis of rotation parallel to the earth's axis. An added advantage is that it indicates true north and not a magnetic north, so that deviation corrections are not required."

This gyro compass can easily be provided with a means whereby it would trace on a chart the course which the tank has followed up to any one point, and in case it were desired to retrace this course, the tank would then be steered so that the recording device would follow the course already marked up. During the past war, submarines equipped with this recording device went through the Mediterranean and up to Constantinople. On the return voyage the submarine was steered according to the chart and returned without encountering mines. The use of gyro compasses on tanks would enable night attacks to be made or allow them to go forward during early morning raids or even in the fog. Then, too:

"The question of communication between members of the crew has been satisfactorily solved through the use of a throat-type transmitter, so that the tank commander is, in effect, a real commander and can give definite orders to any member of his crew with the knowledge that these orders will be clearly understood. Head sets are provided for the tank commander, the driver, mechanic, and both gunners. This intercommunicating telephone system, which is in effect a very small telephone exchange, draws its power from the starting and lighting batteries on the tank.

"There is little doubt but what gas will have a most important rôle in the next war, and tanks can play a very important part in minimizing possible disaster which might occur through the use of gas. Tanks can be made gas-tight, and if the members of the crew are then provided with oxygen, or air, they have little to fear, no matter what kind of gas is used. With a relatively small number of these gas-proof tanks, centers of resistance could be set up which would prevent an absolute disaster to the forces.

"Tanks are called upon to operate in almost every extreme of climate, and the question of cooling is important. So far the cooling system for tanks has been of the more or less standard type, employing radiator and cooling fan. The possibility of using a small refrigerating plant in tropical countries is now receiving considerable attention. So far, details of this investigation are not available, but it is thought that the refrigeration system will be first applied to extracting the heat from the cooling water and thereby replacing the radiator and fan at

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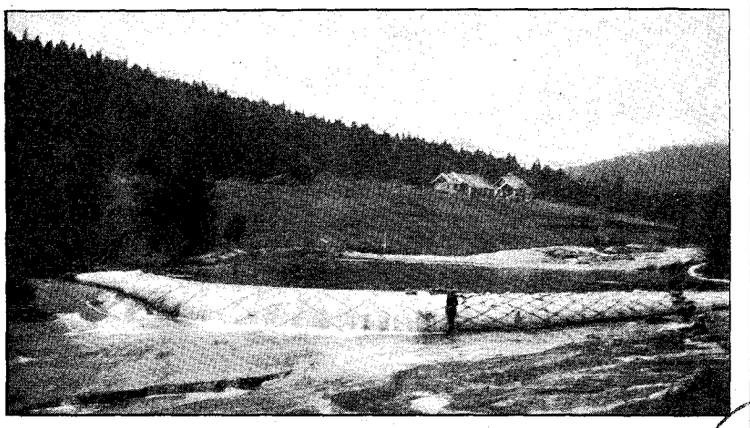
Courtesy of "Engineering News," New York.

HOSE ANCHORED ACROSS STREAM FOR FILLING.



HOSE FILLED AND DAM FORMED.

DAMMING WATER WITH WATER.

BAILEY COLLEGE

present used. The cooling of the entire tank, or at least the portion in which the crew is confined, is also an important problem. The tank necessarily being of metal construction becomes a veritable oven when exposed to the sun's rays, so that unless artificial means of cooling are provided, the crew performs its work only with the utmost difficulty."

WHAT "CLOUDBURSTS" ARE

THE DEVASTATING FLOODS in Colorado were said by press reports to be due to "cloudbursts," and *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago) remarks that "many people still believe in the old theory that sometimes clouds instantaneously release the water that they carry instead of following their usual custom of acting like a sprinkling-pot." This, of course, is quite unscientific, and the engineering weekly proceeds to set forth the actual fact as follows:

"Cloudbursts occur only in or near hilly or mountainous areas and are most frequent in arid regions. The conditions necessary for a 'cloudburst' are: first, a very heavy downpour of rain for several hours; secondly, a steep watershed; and thirdly, a soil that does not rapidly absorb water.

"Clayey soil that has been baked hard by the sun is a condition ideal for very rapid run-off following a rain. Such soils are common in arid regions.

"When rain begins to fall more rapidly than the soil can absorb it, the first thin sheet of water that flows down the watercourses moves slowly, because the friction of the water is proportionately greater the shallower the stream. The friction acts like a dam, holding the stream back. Hence it follows that the water tends to bank up, so that the rain that fell first is overtaken by rain that fell many minutes later. The deeper the stream, the faster it flows, for the frictional resistance is then proportionately less. Consequently, the time comes when the flood moves rapidly down the watercourse, its front crest often being several feet deep and looking like a huge sea wave about to break on a shore. The writer has seen such a flood approaching at the rate of eight miles an hour, filling a previously dry creek channel to a depth of ten feet—a veritable wall of water.

"In the early speculations about such floods it was perhaps natural to suppose that a cloud had suddenly spilled its entire contents, even as a bursting dam might release its stored water. It was not realized that the friction of water upon earth could produce the effect of a dam, holding back the first part of a rainfall until the more rapidly moving water that had fallen later had overtaken it, thus forming a wall of water several feet deep.

"It is stated that 2.92 inches of rain fell at Pueblo during twenty-four hours, but that even greater precipitation occurred near Swallows, twenty miles up the Arkansas River. About four hours after the first downpour at Swallows a wall of water ten feet high reached Pueblo. The lower part of Pueblo was suddenly inundated, buildings and bridges were swept away, and several hundred people drowned. Warnings had been sent out to most of the residents by telephone, but it is evident that many people did not realize the seriousness of the flood that was coming.

"The Arkansas River above Pueblo is a mountain stream fed by many creeks. The soil through which it flows near Pueblo is a clay that had been baked hard. An exceptionally heavy rainfall over a large area occurred. These are the conditions above enumerated as existing whenever a cloud 'bursts.'"

For such reasons as these, observes the New York *Evening Post*, "the difficulties of flood-prevention along a stream like the Arkansas are far greater than along the Ohio and Mississippi," where satisfactory flood-prevention work has been undertaken. It notes that—

"The Arkansas rises at an altitude of more than 10,000 feet and falls rapidly to 7,800 feet, swirling through the narrow Royal Gorge, 3,000 feet deep. It has been in flood before; Kansas as well as Colorado has suffered. The South Platte in Colorado rises at 11,000 feet and before it reaches Denver falls to 6,000. It also is subject to floods, which have caused widespread suffering on the Nebraska plains. But engineering science in 1921 is not disposed to pronounce anything impossible without searching inquiry. Colorado and the Federal Government—for flood-prevention on interstate streams should be under Federal supervision—will be expected to make a thorough study of possible safeguards against new disasters."

DAMMING WATER WITH WATER—Experiments by Norwegian engineers have shown the possibility, says a writer in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York), of successfully damming shallow streams by means of a large canvas hose filled with water. The dam was constructed October 26, 1920, across the Skjaersjo River, Maridalen, Christiania. We read:

"Where the dam was located the stream is shallow and has a rock bottom. The hose used was of cotton canvas and was 115 feet long and 6.56 feet in diameter. It was laid across the river enclosed in a rope net anchored by cables to bolts set in the rock bottom about 65 feet up and down stream from the hose. Both ends were also anchored to the shores. One end of the hose was temporarily closed by a plank clamp and the other end was left open and was slightly elevated for filling. The hose was filled with water run into the open end by a small hose laid far enough up-stream to get a filling head of water. It required about twenty minutes, with a 7.8-inch filling hose, to fill the large hose to the condition indicated by the illustration, which shows clearly the nature of the dam, about 6 feet high, which was formed. For more permanent structures it is contemplated that the hose will be filled with liquid mortar. The method, which is patented, has been planned for various other uses in engineering construction. Johan Störe, civil engineer, Christiania, Norway, is the inventor."

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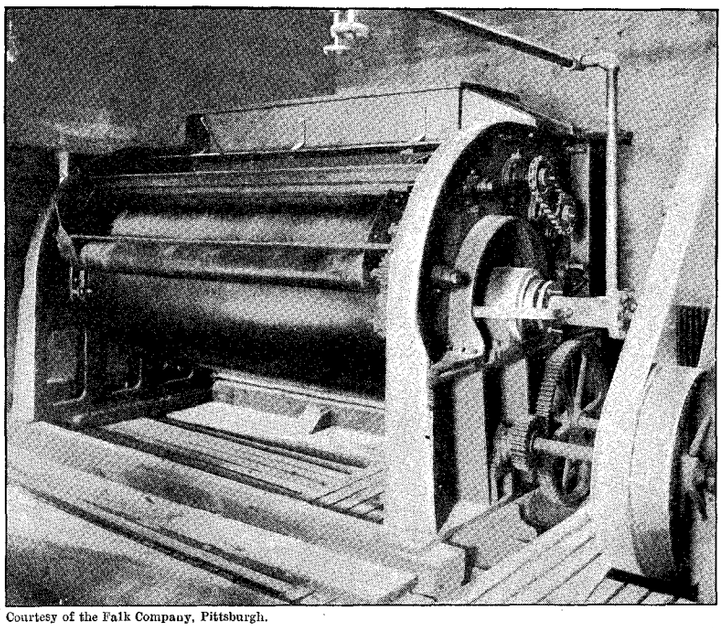
POTATO FLOUR, A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY

FLOUR MADE FROM POTATOES has long been used in Europe, and since the war it is fast becoming a staple food product here It costs twice as much as wheat flour, and will therefore not replace it, but combined with wheat flour in small quantities it is said to improve the flavor of bread made from the mixture and to form a better medium for the yeast used to raise it. Oscar James Vogl, who writes on the subject in *The American Food Journal* (New York), tells us that the manufacture of this product has now advanced until it may be termed a new American industry. The term is now restricted to a flour made from the whole potato and is no longer applied to potato starch. Previous to the war, Mr. Vogl tells us, every ounce of potato flour consumed in the United States and Canada was imported from abroad. During the twelve months preceding the war, 25,000,000 pounds was imported into the United States. When the Food Administration encouraged the use of substitutes, mills sprang up all over this country, manufacturing mainly potato starch or uncooked potato flour, all of which found a ready market at a good profit. He continues:



Courtesy of the Falk Company, Pittsburgh.

THE WAR WON US THIS INDUSTRY FROM GERMANY.

The flaking-machine that makes potato flour. It consists of a single steam-heated drum. The cooked and mashed potatoes passing over it are dried into flakes.

"Prior to that time our food laws, altho strict on every point, failed to define potato flour, thereby giving unscrupulous manufacturers and war-profiteers an opportunity to merchandise any form of ground-up potatoes or plain potato starch as pure potato flour.

"With the permanent establishment of the industry there came the necessity of clearly defining potato flour, and so on August 18, 1915, the Bureau of Chemistry ruled that the term can not be applied to a product containing starch alone, but only to a finely divided or powdered product containing fat, fiber, and ash constituents from the edible portion of the potato. In 1917 the first genuine potato-flour mill was erected in Idaho Falls. The enterprise made only slow progress, and when the war came to a close potato-flour sales took a decided drop, making the Idaho farmers rather skeptical and discouraged.

"The first real American potato-flour corporation is the result of a meeting between a Western farmer and a Pittsburgh chemist. Supported by powerful capitalists, the mill at Idaho Falls was purchased, and with proper management, national advertising, merchandising, standardization, and cooperation, the business grew so that to-day one corporation operates mills in Michigan, Colorado, Maine, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, in addition to the one in Idaho, while farmers' cooperative plants are operating in various potato-growing sections and more are being organized.

"Using as its raw material the usually wasted No. 2 undersized sound potatoes, 50,000 bushels of which are annually a loss to our farmers, this new industry is naturally of great interest and benefit to the potato-growers of America.

"The mills now contract with the farmers or buying exchanges for their No. 2 potatoes, the only provision being that these potatoes must be free from frost-bites, blight, rots, bruises, and disease.

"This gives the farmers a revenue for formerly wasted produce, makes it possible for them to sort their crop and give more care to the table potatoes that ultimately reach the consumer. Every potato-growing State in the Union has strict grading laws, enforced by the powerful potato-growers' associations. There is a constant tendency to raise the standard, thereby giving the consuming public better potato value for their money.

"By helping the potato-growers find an outlet for these unsalable No. 2 tubers, the potato-flour industry indirectly helps reduce the high cost of living, for the farmers can afford to sell their choice sorted No. 1 grades at a more reasonable figure if they are sure of disposing of the 15 per cent. undersized potatoes. In 1914 only 1 per cent. of 410,000,000 bushels of potatoes harvested in this country were used for the manufacture of potato flour and starch, while Germany used that year 10 per cent. of her 1,674,000,000 bushels of potatoes for manufacturing purposes."

The first machines to produce a fine flour out of potatoes, Mr. Vogl goes on to tell us, were built in Germany in 1903, but not until 1907 did a real industry develop there. To-day she has over thirty-five different systems in operation. The stock is handled by mechanical means from the minute it enters the mill. He goes on:

"First, the potatoes are thoroughly washed to remove all dirt and stones. Then the clean potatoes are taken to the peeler to remove the brown outer skin, but leaving the inner skin, under which the valuable mineral salts are located, intact. This peeling process is a friction device which is gently applied to prevent reducing the mineral-salt content in the finished product. Here skill and experience in handling stock count most.

"From the peeler the potatoes are taken on a conveyor into a steam cooker, where, under steam pressure, they get the same treatment as home-cooked potatoes with the jacket. From here they pass into a mashing-machine which feeds them as a solid mass into a flaking device. This skilful operation again requires expert attention, for either too much heat, steam, or improper adjustment of the rollers will produce an inferior product.

"The machine consists of two large steam-heated drums which rotate rapidly against one another. The mashed potatoes are fed in between these two drums and are discharged in the form of thin white flakes. The dehydrating or drying process is herewith completed, and the white, fluffy, and appetizing flakes are then ground on rolls and bolted through silk cloth, so the finished product is of the same consistency and fineness as the very best patent flour, with which it is blended for baking purposes.

"Machines vary in size and consume accordingly from 1,200 to 3,000 pounds of potatoes per hour. It requires on an average five pounds of cooked mashed potatoes to produce one pound of flour.

"The rich, cream-colored flour is then automatically weighed and fed into paper-lined bags holding 100 pounds each. These are stored in immaculately clean and airy warehouses until they are loaded in cars and shipped to all parts of the country for distribution.

"Potato flour produced as here described is nothing more or less than the whole cooked potato in concentrated form. A great injustice has been done to genuine potato flour during the

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war by classing it among the essential substitutes, thereby falsely placing it on par with potato starch, raw-potato flour, and mixtures of all sorts.

"Genuine potato flour carefully made as herewith described, from whole, sound potatoes, in clean mills, is of invaluable aid to the baking industry of the world. In the first place it costs twice as much as wheat flour, which it does not and can not replace if a high-quality baked product is desired. It is usually used in proportion of 2 per cent. with wheat flour, and thoroughly blended, proving its worth in many ways to the bakers.

"During the process of manufacture the starches in the potato are completely gelatinized, thereby helping yeast growth and assuring better fermentation of the dough.

"Prof. Alonzo E. Taylor recommends potatoes for bread production on account of the greater wholesomeness of the loaf, since the potato contains more vitamines and more proteins than any other vegetable.

"Another great American food authority who has spent much time experimenting with genuine potato flour in baking states that pure potato flour adds to the wheat flour many of the valuable food properties which have been taken from it in its modern process of milling.

"All baking authorities agree that bread made with at least 2 per cent. potato flour will keep fresh longer, will have a pleasant, nutlike taste, gives a crust of better bloom, a crumb of fine texture, besides producing better volume. Indeed, potatoes in bread have been employed in Central Europe since the middle of the eighteenth century. Irish, Scotch, and French bakers, known as experts in their line, have employed this tuber not only to make yeast ferment but also to improve the quality of their baked foods.

"Last but not least, our own mothers and grandmothers made the never-to-be-forgotten bread 'that mother baked' with cooked mashed potatoes, which is now replaced by its successor, potato flour."

A COUNTRY WITHOUT WOOD

THIS IS THE TITLE bestowed by Frances L. Garside upon Anatolia, the Turkish name for a large part of Asia Minor. Suppose, just for an hour, she writes in *American Forestry* (Washington), you turn your eyes from the beautiful trees in your dooryard and journey in imagination to a land where our not overly popular poplar is the only tree. These tiny groves, lining the banks of tinier streams, are the result of forestation. As you approach a town your eyes are first attracted by the poplar-trees. If you look down on the town from a high hill it is easy to pick out the Armenian quarter, for the way to find it is to look for ruins. She continues:

"'Ah,' you think, 'that is a result of race hatred. The Turks go mad when they see anything Armenian.'

"Not entirely so. These mud houses in which the Armenians dwell were torn down after the inhabitants had departed for the sake of the poplar beams which upheld the mud roofs. Wood is so scarce in Anatolia that it is seized as rapaciously as if it were worth its weight in gold.

"It is so scarce that car-loads of vine-prunings, thistles, and briers are transported into the towns and villages for fuel. One who has made a fire of this nature of fuel on a country roadside is unpleasantly familiar with the endless task of feeding the fire to secure a very uncertain heat.

"Firewood in Anatolia costs from $15 to $18 a ton when it can be had. The Nationalist Government has prohibited the Near-East Relief from buying wood in this district except on specially issued *vessikas* or orders. The one does not usually class fruit-trees as fuel, even these have been cut down and burned, so desperate is the need for firewood.

"It is this lack of wood that has hampered the Near-East Relief in a great measure in its provisions for the Armenians. There is not only the scarcity of fuel to combat, and the consequent suffering with the cold, but there has been no wood for making furniture nor, of course, for building houses. The orphanages are built of mud, and as far as possible the gasoline can has supplanted wood in supplying household needs. It is beaten into chairs; every needed kitchen utensil once held gasoline; it becomes both a bathtub and the dipper that is used to fill it; it is the plate, the cup, and the spoon. Unfortunately, it can not be utilized as fuel.

"But—there are no trees. And we of America, who can not look to the left or to the right without the eyes resting on a beautiful tree—are spiritually exhausted after an hour's imaginary trip to Anatolia and are eager to return home."

POETRY THROUGH AN ENGINEER'S EYE

MOST IMAGINATIVE POETRY comes off second best when tested by the inelastic foot rule of science. In *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago), R. Fleming, of New York, submits some engineering criticisms of poetical statement. A man with technical training, Mr. Fleming notes, may at times have an enjoyment peculiarly his own in wandering through the realms of poetry. A few such instances are given:

> "Swift of foot was Hiawatha:
> He could shoot an arrow from him,
> And run forward with such fleetness
> That the arrow fell behind him!
> Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
> He could shoot ten arrows upward,
> Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
> That the tenth had left the bow-string
> Ere the first to earth had fallen!

"These lines from Longfellow are quoted by Merriman in his 'Elements of Mechanics,' followed by the problem, 'Compute the running speed of Hiawatha in miles per hour, assuming that he could shoot ninety arrows per minute, and that when shooting forward he aimed at an angle of 45 degrees with the horizontal.' The answer is given, 'About forty-six miles per hour.' 'Hiawatha must have been some runner,' remarked a student.

> Every moment dies a man,
> Every moment one is born.
> —Tennyson, 'The Vision of Sin.'

"It is said that Babage, the inventor of the calculating machine, wrote to Tennyson that if his statement were true the population of the world would be at a standstill, that the true ratio was about one to one and one-sixteenth, and that he should change his lines accordingly.

> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.

"Nor is there known to science any natural powers whereby this cosmic doom may be either averted or repaired by exterior reversal,' comments one writer. On the other hand, another says, 'This is a kinematic rather than a dynamic conclusion, and it is dynamically controverted by the fact that the velocity of light, the velocity of electro-dynamic action, and the velocity of the gravitating time-integral of solar rotation are each equivalent to the thermal unit of velocity at the center of our system which is indicated by Laplace's principle of periodicity.'

> Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
> —Pope, 'An Essay on Criticism.'

"No progress in engineering, nor in anything else, would be possible if this advice were followed by everybody. Somebody must be the first to try the new.

> For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
> Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be
> Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.
> —Tennyson, 'Locksley Hall.'

"Did the Poet Laureate anticipate by seventy-five years the League of Nations?

> Soon shall thy arm unconquered Steam! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
> Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot through the fields of air.
> Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
> Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
> Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
> And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.
> —Erasmus Darwin, 'The Botanic Garden.'

"The foregoing lines by the grandfather of Charles Darwin were written late in the eighteenth century. What a vision of aviation this author must have had! 'Warrior bands' have alarmed 'the gaping crowd,' and the time may be near when 'fair crews' shall 'wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move.'"

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TURNING THE ART WORLD BACK TO INGRES

THE FASCISTI IN ITALY are a band of confirmed and convinced reactionaries who believe in fighting for their rights, just as the extreme radicals do for theirs. They are not going to give away all they have inherited from the past without a struggle. Here and there it might appear that the same spirit prevails in the domain of the arts. Classicism might seem to have been wholly cast out if only current art exhibitions are taken into account. But signs to the contrary are apparent. Paris has been holding an exhibition of the works of Ingres, the great inheritor of the traditions of classical and Renaissance art. This is the second time in ten years that this artist's work has been reassembled, and the fact leads Mr. Royal Cortissoz, in the New York *Tribune*, to observe that "if the Modernists were really in the saddle, another Ingres demonstration would hardly have come so soon," and he records a "kind of moral satisfaction to be got out of this event." Its importance for us is that the exhibition is destined to visit this country next year, owing to the efforts of Mr. Walter Berry, chairman of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, who helped organize the show. "It was originally projected," we are told, "as part of the organized movement to make French art better known in the United States and American art more familiar in France." In *L'Illustration* (Paris), Léandre Vaillat writes of the significance of this artist:

GREATEST OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTERS.

Jean Auguste Ingres, an exhibition of whose work will be brought to America in the fall. It is suspected that the Modernists are not so "securely in the saddle" as appearances seem to indicate.

"In truth I believe that what interests the unexpected followers of Ingres to-day is the exterior aspect of his pictures, their style, a certain mixture in which we find at once reminiscences of antiquity and of Raffael. It is a pleasant pastime to contrast the classics with the romanticists, and one is more willingly a supporter of the first than of the second. By classicism is understood a certain refined rigor, a tense and systematic will power, a Jansenist ennui, an absence of sensibility. But it is indisputable, nevertheless, that beyond the superficial and inexact appearances one discovers the real lesson learned by Ingres from antiquity and from the Renaissance through the medium of his master, David, who himself inherited it from his professors of the ancient Royal Academy. . . . . .

"In fact, this is the new lesson of Ingres, the one afforded to young painters, but which they will not truly understand—namely, the light by its values expressing itself in the modeled line. And they will not learn the lesson, because it exacts persistent application, conscientiousness, and humility. This lesson is murmured discreetly or loudly proclaimed by the pictures of Ingres, the portraits in oil, the drawings in pencil, and the studies gathered for a month in the Hotel of the Society of Antiquaries. This lesson is heard with unmistakable continuity from one end to the other of these galleries, in which the career of the painter is shown. This unity was remarked as long ago as 1855 by one of the friends of Ingres, Delescluze, who wrote as follows:

"'Ingres changed neither in face nor in manner from the days of adolescence. In escaping the surplus girth that comes with age, Ingres in 1854 is the same Ingres of 1797. What is true of his person is equally true of his character, which retained a fund of rude honesty that never compounds with anything unjust or evil, and also it is true of his mind, which is always of the same temper. He is one of those men who was placed in this world just as a bronze statue is delivered from the foundry. All that characterizes the talent of this artist to-day, the fineness of contour, the true and profound feeling of form, the modeling of extreme exactitude, were discoverable in his first efforts.'"

Mr. Walter Berry, President of the Association, describes Ingres as "the greatest painter of the nineteenth century, who, in carrying on the line of the Greco-Latins, is become the very incarnation of the great tradition of French art." When we consider his sublime paintings, Mr. Berry goes on to say, they seem ultra-classic to us, so that we are amazed when we learn that for half of his long life the critics, whom he called "ravening dogs," barked at him such epithets as the "savage," the "revolutionary," the "brutal realist," the "mystifier." Mr. Berry tells us also that Ingres resolutely turned his back on the present, saying, "We must go backward in order to find the right road." But can one ever go backward? Mr. Berry asks, and in the Paris *Revue Hebdomadaire* proceeds:

"'Can we ever fix the eternal boundaries of art?' Life is always demanding new forms. Everywhere in nature we see elements held in solution as they stand ready to form new combinations. . . . The Frenchman is a curious mixture, at once the most conservative and the most revolutionary of his species. The lessons to be learned from the great painter Ingres are especially precious in the chaotic age in which we live. Balzac says somewhere that there are things of the metier which genius does not reveal. We must find them out. And how can we learn them without working, for work is the force of progress and of gain. How many painters of the latest mode, with some *ism* attached as their label, . . . would not make wonderful advancement by faithfully pondering this thought of Ingres: "To attempt to get along without studying is idleness. It is the doctrine of those who wish to produce without having worked, without having learned. Theirs is an art without faith and without discipline, groping blindly in the dark and depending solely on chance to conduct them to that

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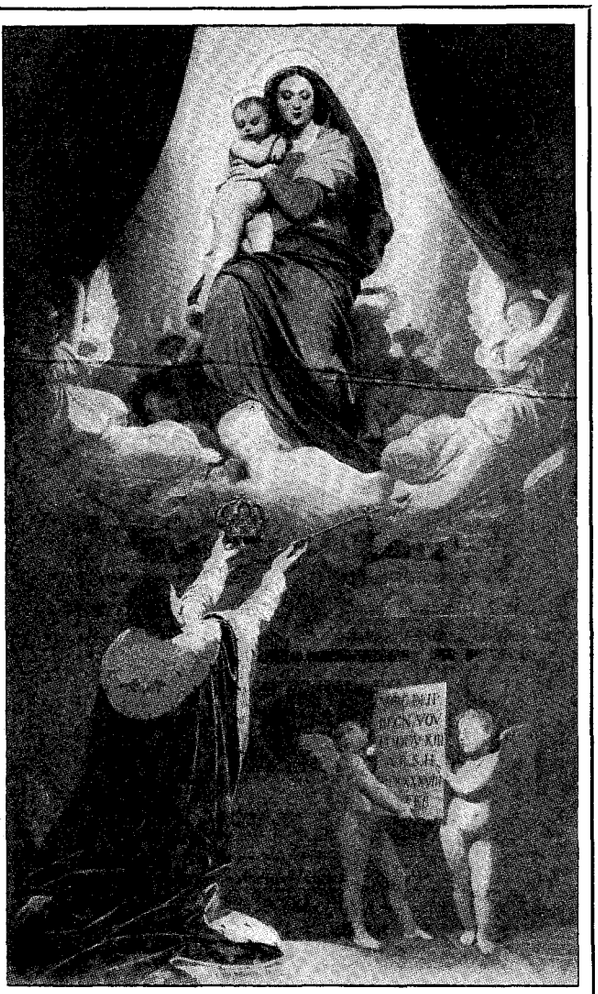
goal that may be reached only through courage, experience, reflection, and labor."'

In the Paris *Revue de la Semaine* Mr. Andrew Lamande writes:

"Strange and glorious was the destiny of Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres, born at Montauban, August 29, 1780, grandson of a tailor and son of an ornamental sculptor. The soul of Ingres reflected the image of his native region: it was fiery, violent, full of contrast. David was his immediate master, but Raffael soon became conqueror of the youth ahunger for beauty. His vision reached high and far. Beyond the Davidian school, beyond even the Renaissance and the Primitives, he refound the Greeks. This dark little man whose eyes burned with inward fire, whose nostrils were rather sensual, whose mouth was wilful and touched with disdain, this not too well informed, not easily managed and impetuous artist understood by instinct all that was great in the voluntary discipline of the contemporaries of Pericles. . . . Ingres, through spontaneous genius developed by hard work, reached the highest summit of art. With one hand through Raffael and Poussin, he reaches to the Ancients. With the other he is linked to the most vibrant of our contemporaries."



INGRES'S ABSORPTION OF THE RENAISSANCE

Is seen in this picture (1824) hanging in the Cathedral of Montauban. It might be by Raffael.

UNWELCOME AMERICANISMS—English protest against "Americanisms" in speech simply because unfamiliar to British readers is ranked by Mr. William Archer as among the "stupidities" our cousins should drop. We also have some that lag superfluous. But this particular protest meets the approval of the New York *Evening Post*, where we read:

"The instance quoted by Mr. Archer is from a review of a translation of the 'Journal' of the Goncourts, in which the excellent and accurate term 'sidewalk' is used instead of 'pavement.' While expressing his disapproval of vulgar slang, he concludes that only the best results can come from the interpenetration of the two great branches of English speech. Americanisms should not be rejected as such, but should be adopted whenever they are clearly desirable and useful acquisitions.

"In actual practise, in spite of the pedants, this is what has happened. George Moore has gratefully accepted 'gotten,' which he thanks us for having saved from oblivion. The colloquial speech of many Englishmen is full of assimilated Americanisms of which they are often unconscious. Cabinet ministers have been known to say that England is 'up against' difficult problems, and the expressive 'some' now connotes dismay, astonishment, or admiration in the mouths of modern Britons. Yet, if an Americanism is discovered in Mr. Lewisohn's edition of Hauptmann, or in Mr. Björkman's Strindberg, which are the standard translations in the British Isles, the inevitable protest is heard. Apparently, if the *Countess Julie* were to say she was fond of 'candy,' instead of 'sweets,' the translator would be guilty of an unpardonable, un-Swedish solecism. But a French soldier in a novel by Barbusse could say 'I've had a topping time, old chap,' without incurring a similar reproach."

KREISLER ENDING THE WAR

THE FIRST TEUTONIC ARTIST to appear on the London concert stage since the war is Kreisler. The announcement of his coming was "accepted with the utmost calm," says Mr. Ernest Newman in the Manchester *Guardian*. "The musical public is sensible enough to recognize that, the war being over, there is no longer any reason for the nations to refuse to take from Germany anything good she may have to send them in the way of music." The London *Daily Mail*, however, makes it plain that Kreisler is Kreisler; and no other Germans need apply on the strength of the fervent reception granted to him. Before that is considered, however, a few more of Mr. Newman's words give us a hint of the present status of international music:

"Attempts have been made to prejudice the London public against one or two musical comedies from the ex-enemy countries; but the public does not bother its head about such things. For another new work of this sort that is to be produced a German or Austrian actress is announced. No doubt some people will try to make trouble; but, as one of the business persons connected with the affair has said, if this lady is denied the right to appear in England, why should Kreisler be allowed to do so, and why should Einstein be allowed to come here to explain his theory of relativity? Why, we may ask also, should it be permissible to sell German books? We would do well to remember that Vienna welcomed Ravel and Mr. Albert Coates, and that Weingartner has conducted in Milan; the musical world is rapidly returning to sanity if only the zealots will leave it alone. No one, so far as I know, has said that Kreisler ought to be greeted with anything but the courtesy due to a great artist who has always been held in particular respect in this country; but it goes without saying that one or two writers have seized the occasion to warn us solemnly that the admission of Kreisler does not mean that we are willing to be overrun again by mediocre German music and mediocre German performers. Of course it does not; we will see to that, for purely artistic reasons. But it is a pity that the gentlemen who write in this strain do not protest with equal vehemence against the bad music and the bad performers that have been foisted on us during the last couple of years with no better excuse than that they have come from the ex-friendly countries."

Our own musicians have not gone to London this season in the numbers that marked their last year's invasion, altho Mr. Werrenrath and Mr. Spalding will be heard there, perhaps also Heifetz and Hoffmann, whom the British last year did not distinguish from the purely American. Mr. Kreisler has been so long with us that we may legitimately claim more than his American wife, while applauding his loyalty to the land of his birth. The scene at his last London recital, reported in the London *Daily Telegraph*, has been matched here over and over again:

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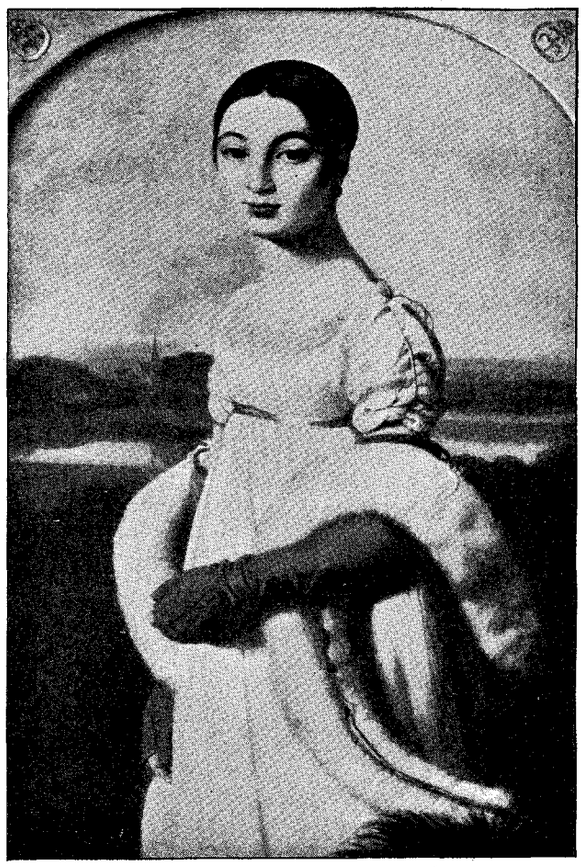
"It was good-by to Kreisler at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon—or, rather, let us say *au revoir*. For, after the scenes of indescribable enthusiasm that marked his final recital, making it even more memorable, if possible, than those he had given before, it seems inconceivable that the incomparable violinist will not seize an early opportunity of returning to us. Certainly, after the unforgettable experiences he has given us, another London season without a repetition of such experiences—in a word, without Kreisler—would be unimaginable. Once again yesterday an audience such as only gathers together on very rare and great occasions sat entranced under the spell of his inimitable art—an art surely inimitable in the sense that, while there may be other violinists who, like him, can make one marvel at the sheer technical perfection of their playing, there



PORTRAIT OF MADEMOISELLE RIVIÈRE (1805).

An early work of Ingres now in the Louvre, Paris.

is surely none, even among the greatest, that can do things with the ineffable grace, the pure lyrical charm, and the matchless *élan* of which he appears to hold the secret. And lives there another, even among the elect, who in the same degree has the power of persuading us that his way of doing things, interpretatively and otherwise, is not only the right but the only way? Some of his admirers will have noticed that he has been called gently to task, by a not unfriendly critic, for restricting his repertoire to works of which the popularity is perpetuated by practically every violinist under the sun. But was there any one present at Queen's Hall on this occasion, one wonders, who would have indorsed that view to the extent of being willing to forego hearing Kreisler play the immortal 'Kreutzer,' or even old Tartini's 'Devil's Trill' sonata—a musical antique that so many violinists do their best (or so it would seem) to persuade us consists of the driest of old bones, but which the supreme art of Kreisler vitalized into something very much alive; something to enjoy whole-heartedly and not merely as an interesting and characteristic relic of antiquity? And so, again, though obviously in a very different sense, with the 'Kreutzer,' the beauties of which are sometimes apt to be obscured because of the very familiarity which has placed the work in the category of the so-called 'hackneyed.' Wondrous were those beauties as revealed by Kreisler, the famous variations of the slow movement taking on, as he played them, an ethereal quality that gave to them a peculiar and irresistible eloquence."

After the experience of Kreisler, says Mr. Newman, "the war is at last definitely and finally over so far as musicians are concerned." Further—

"The musical public has made it clear beyond the possibility of misunderstanding by the most stupid or the most malevolent intelligence that it does not intend to shout any more Hymns of Hate at the bidding of any politician or any newspaper. Perhaps the sweetest episode of the afternoon was when a young man slipped unostentatiously up to the foot of the platform and handed Kreisler a wreath. We had just time to see, as he turned away, that it was Albert Sammons. The presentation was symbolical."

PROVING THE PAINTERS INSANE

PROFESSIONAL COURTESY, or something of that sort, has hitherto restrained one profession from sitting in judgment on another, but our artists of advanced tendencies have persuaded our doctors that their sanity needs looking into. So a group of Philadelphia physicians meeting with the Art Alliance of that city lately, according to the *American Art News* (New York), "publicly discust the sanity of the exhibitors" in the "extremist" section of the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition. The *Art News* reprints from the University of Pennsylvania's *Weekly Review* an account of the discussion written by Harvey M. Watts, feeling that "everybody, including modernists," will be interested in it. The *Art News* discerns in the evidence of the report that Mr. Watts is "a bitter opponent of modernism." Withholding any judgment itself, it reprints the report as "news." Here it is:

"Dr. Charles W. Burr, long the associate, now the successor, of the late S. Weir Mitchell; Dr. Francis X. Dercum, the alienist who was called into consultation over the breakdown of President Wilson; Dr. J. Madison Taylor, long a student of individuals given over to illusions and delusions; and Dr. W. B. Wadsworth, a well-known pathologist who studied the extremists in Paris as early as 1909, along with several other speakers, came out very frankly as to what might be called the adolescent degradation of the fine arts revealed in the so-called 'expressions' on the walls of the Academy.

"Dr. Wadsworth spoke on 'Abnormality in Art,' and went into technical discussion of those who were defective in vision and were unable to see color and form clearly, of whom he noted in the exhibition six types. He also found, studying the pictures of the show as a clinician, that the works represented those 'ghastly lesions of the mind and body which usually land people in the hospitals and in the asylums,' but sometimes, as he expressed it, permit them to 'walk around, feed themselves, avoid a commission in lunacy, and paint.'

"Dr. Burr's paper was on the 'Evils of False Art,' in which he found quite a little that is degenerate—that is, which creates, or is intended to create, unhealthy feelings of pleasure in the diseased onlooker, and which a healthy-souled artist would not have painted. Also, he found false pretense and fraud in some of these artists, who, not knowing real art, lacking the soul and the handicraft, have become 'quacks.'

"Dr. Burr pointed out some works that recalled Blake, but 'a drunken, lustful Blake,' and he also noted, in speaking of the modernist critics who defend this art, that some of their literature 'is of little more use as an intellectual illuminant to guide the stumbling steps of the eager seeker for truth than the phosphorescence of the fish is to illuminate the world.'

"As for Dr. Dercum, discussing the pictures as a specialist in mental diseases, he said, after mentioning a number of extraordinary examples: 'I can only infer that, in a large degree, the pathological element enters into these paintings and drawings, both in the representation of colors and of the forms. I can not draw any other conclusions. I believe, also, that a certain number of the people who paint these curious pictures are merely shallow tricksters who try to achieve prominence by coming in on the wave and floating into the public eye, getting some sort of reputation which they could not get by legitimate hard work. I think there is no doubt about that. I think the main feature, however, is the disease of the color sense and the disease of a great many other mental faculties.'

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"It may be said that two other noted alienists of Philadelphia had also examined the pictures, and in one case closely examined two of the exhibitors without their knowing that they were being studied by a psychiatrist. It is needless to say that these two specialists, Drs. Ludlum and Philips, agreed with their associates."

MR. HACKETT'S TRIUMPH IN PARIS

THAT FINE GESTURE of the French Government in its invitation to Mr. Hackett to present his *Macbeth* at the Odéon Theater is almost as much of an international courtesy as a tribute to the actor. Mr. Hackett is likely modest enough to interpret it in such a light, while feeling the natural gratification that he was the chosen instrument. At least, he enjoys a distinction which no other of the many English-speaking actors who have appeared in Paris have been dowered with. President Millerand and the Crown Prince Hirohito, of Japan, were in the audience. The Prince later sent Mr. Hackett a gift of 5,000 francs for the American, British, and French charities in whose behalf the performance was organized, expressing at the same time his thanks for "the greatest pleasure ever experienced at a theatrical performance." Mr. Hughes, in the name of President Harding, sent to Mr. Hackett a message which recognizes the international character of the event:

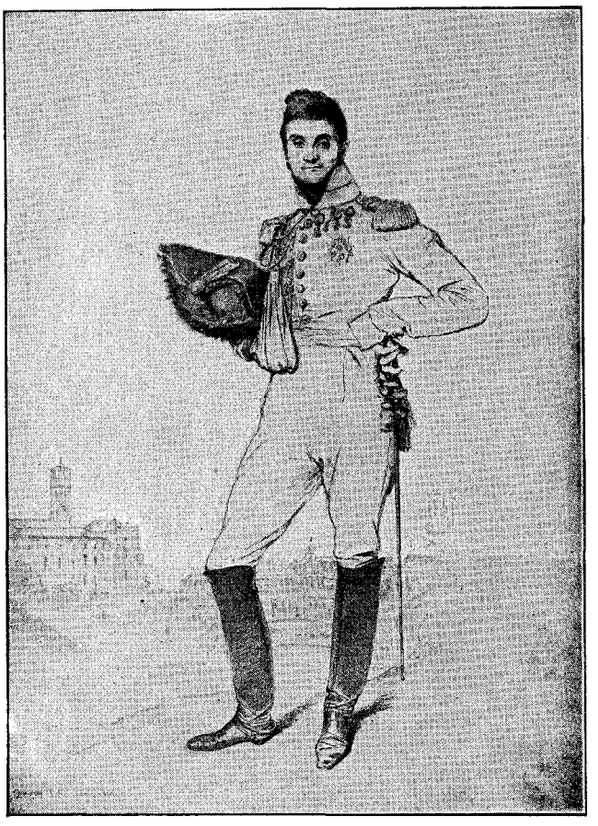
"The President, having learned with much interest of the official invitation extended to you by the French Government through the Ministry of Fine Arts, to appear at the Odéon Theater, Paris, in the character of *Macbeth* in English, desires me to convey to you his felicitations, to which I add my own, on this well-merited recognition of your histrionic ability. The President perceives as well in this action of the French Government an implied compliment to the United States, of which he is duly appreciative, and the fact that for the first time American, French, and British artists will appear together at a national theater by official invitation appeals to him as significant of those ties by which the peoples of the three countries are bound in sympathetic fellowship. We trust that your presentation of this masterpiece of the great English dramatist will be the forerunner of many interchanges of dramatic talent between the United States and France."

As a purely theatrical event the performance comes in a line of honorable succession which is thus reviewed by the New York *Evening Post:*

"Shakespeare has been no stranger to the French stage since French critics early in the last century liberated themselves from the prejudices of Voltaire. Long before François Hugo made the best translation in the sixties and Victor Hugo wrote his dithyrambic volume on the poet, Shakespeare's principal tragedies had become familiar. James K. Hackett, presenting 'Macbeth' at the Odéon with an English company and in the English tongue, follows in the footsteps of other famous actors. In 1827 Paris was treated to such a galaxy of stars as has seldom appeared in any city. Kemble, Macready, and Edmund Kean gave 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Richard III.,' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' while others of contemporary note enacted 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Lear.' Representations of the plays in French have been numerous, tho many of the French adaptations would be regarded as altogether too free in English-speaking lands. This was the case with Dumas's 'Hamlet.' It was the case with a French version of 'Romeo and Juliet' produced last year in Paris—even the title was altered—and pronounced by English critics to be anything but Shakespeare.

"Mr. Hackett will need all the encouragement that President Harding's felicitations and the keen interest of England and the United States afford. The French are not fond of 'Macbeth,' as they are in a measure fond of 'Romeo and Juliet,' which Berlioz and Gounod set to music, and Rostand made the groundwork for 'Les Romanesques.' The Anglo-Saxon mode of acting Shakespeare is too realistic for the French, just as Sarah Bernhardt's *Lady Macbeth* and Mounet-Sully's *Hamlet* failed to please most Anglo-Saxons. The French expect more declamation than Mr. Hackett has probably given. New York audiences had an unusually appealing example of the French mode of acting Shakespeare in the rendition of 'Twelfth Night' here by the Vieux Colombier Company during the war. It was a delightful performance, but the shortcomings of French actors as *Toby* and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* illustrated some of the differences between Gallic and Anglo-Saxon traits as well as stage traditions."

UNNECESSARY HAPPY ENDINGS — Happy endings are supposed to be the *sine qua non* of successful modern plays. Witness the haste to turn the close of "Miss Lulu Bett" into such a satisfactory curtain after a dubious experiment along the other line. Yet life itself refuses to be always so coerced. It is, therefore, interesting to find so great an actor as Sir Henry Irving having given the opposite opinion about his own art. In the London *Daily Mail*, H. Hesketh-Prichard confesses to have discust the question of a play with Sir Henry and the kind of an ending it was to have. His dicta were these:



COUNT DULONG DE ROSNAY (1818).

Showing the masterly draftsmanship of Ingres, whose work is to be exhibited here.

"A happy ending is not at all necessary. . . . . .

"In nearly all plays a happy ending is dragged in; whereas there is one thing which is much more of a draw than a happy ending, provided it be well enough done, but it is naturally much harder to do.

"The most successful plays, in my experience, are those which in the course of the play gain the sympathy of the audience for the hero, and not only the sympathy but also the pity; and you will find that sacrifice is the greatest card to play in the theater, provided you can play it properly.

"In a happy ending you have possibly the relief of the moment, and in five minutes the audience has gone away and forgotten all about it; but sacrifice—sacrifice properly written and properly acted—will keep the members of that same audience thinking and pondering. It doesn't matter how ugly a man is—nothing really matters—if you can get him a part which is noble and ends in sacrifice. . . . . .

"Some of the worst actors I know have succeeded in those parts."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

TURKS TO REBUILD MOSQUES WITH ARMENIAN SKULLS

"CHARITY MAY BIND UP WOUNDS and pour in the oil of consolation," but is it not time that the systematic destruction of Christian peoples in the Near East be made to cease? asks a special committee of the Near-East Relief Association, which stands appalled at the threat of the Turks to rebuild their mosques with Armenian skulls. "Before it is too late," before this dire threat can be carried into execution, the Association is sending a warning to all members of Congress, to all churches and church assemblies, and to 110,000 individuals who have contributed to the work of the organization. Something more than charity is needed now. The danger of the complete annihilation of peoples subject to Turkish rule is said to be imminent, and only quick and concerted action, we are told, can avert the tragedy.

A million Armenians have been slaughtered by the Turks, Professor Lepsius testified before the Berlin District Court which recently tried and acquitted the Armenian youth who assassinated Talaat Pasha, former Turkish Grand Vizier. "The Armenians were systematically led to slaughter as soon as the concentration-camps became overcrowded," the German professor is quoted as saying in the news dispatches. "They were led out upon the desert, where they were decimated in wholesale fashion. The object of the Turks was not to exile the Armenians but to slaughter them in cold blood, the scheme being to kill off a whole people." Thus the purpose of the Turkish Government is revealed in the land of its ally in the war.

For centuries the minority populations in the Turkish domain have been subjected to a deliberate process of extinction, we are reminded by the American relief workers. Out of 1,850,000 Armenians living in Turiksh territory before the war there are said to be only 850,000 left. The rest were butchered to make a "Turkish holiday." America has done much to relieve the misery in the Near East, but "her task is not yet finished." For five years the work of life-saving has continued, and nearly 1,000,000 human beings, who otherwise would have perished, form a living memorial to American aid. In this benevolent work approximately $60,000,000 have been used by the Near-East Relief Association in the form of money, clothing, supplies, shelter, food, medicines, medical care, and supervision.

But it is practically useless to stanch the flow of blood while the Turks continue to slaughter their helpless victims, informed writers say. On January 3, 1920, Leland Rex Robinson, who had spent some time in Persia and the Caucasus as a member of a Near-East Relief Commission, wrote in *The Survey* (New York): "Until America—or England—accepts the mandate for Armenia (perhaps we should say the Caucasus rather than Armenia alone) there is little hope that order can rise out of pandemonium. . . . Unless the mandate is taken, relief work is three-fourths lost." In an official report for the American Government when the advisability of an American mandate for Armenia was under consideration, Maj.-Gen. James G. Harbord said: "Mutilation, violation, torture, and death have left their haunting memories in a hundred beautiful Armenian valleys, and the traveler in that region is seldom free from the evidence of this most colossal crime of all the ages."

The Near-East Relief's manifesto, which is signed by a special committee consisting of James L. Barton, chairman of the Association, and Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions; Stanley White, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia, relates that "contrary to expectations, national conditions in the Near East remain so threatening that it has been impossible to return the hundreds of thousands of exiled refugees to their homes where they could become self-supporting, or to gather the vast number of dependent orphans into anything but temporary orphanages. On the contrary, renewed atrocities have created additional hordes of refugees and added to the number of dependent children faster than their needs can be met." The statement covers the entire present area of the American relief operations, in the country reaching from the Dardanelles to the Caspian Sea, and south across Asia Minor, Syria, and Mesopotamia eastward into Persia. Here political conditions are chaotic. Anatolia, Armenia, Kurdistan, and Asia Minor are under Mustafa Kemal Pasha, leader of the Turkish Nationalist party. Now that the French are withdrawing from Cilicia, where they had assembled large numbers of Armenians for protection—

"It is reported by absolutely trustworthy Americans that Turkish Nationalists have proclaimed that the mosques and minarets destroyed in their conflict with the French they will rebuild with the skulls of Armenians. Women and children declare that they would choose death, in whatever form it might come, to such a state of distress, of hopelessness, and of perpetual terror, and yet no way of escape opens before them. Among these distracted Christian peoples a state of panic prevails. Their safety seems to lie only in flight. There appears to be no protection for them in territory controlled by the Turkish Nationalists and the French protest their going into French Syria. They can not emigrate to a foreign country, for the most of them are absolutely destitute, and no country will receive them as refugees. They seem condemned by circumstances beyond their control to certain death.

"As conditions now are it would seem that the giving of food and shelter alone will not suffice for future protection. What seems to be impending disaster to the unprotected Christian minorities under the control of the Nationalist Turks must be averted or the wards of our philanthropy and care may be destroyed under conditions of surpassing cruelty.

"If the contributions of past years are not to be wasted and our sacrificial work come to nothing, we must take the next step of appealing to our own and Allied governments to protect these threatened people. America is in a position to secure the protection required if it acts promptly and decisively. To achieve this she must act promptly and take the leadership in this matter. She alone can act with absolute political disinterestedness."

It is suggested that we insist that "England, France, and Italy, who have incensed the Turk by depriving him of much of his choicest territory and created in him a spirit of revenge," shall demand that exiled and menaced peoples be restored to their homes and be protected there. To this end the 20,000,000 of people who contributed to the Near-East Relief "must follow their gifts by action and by personal expression of determination that something be done by our Government." So, continues the committee—

"In the name of that charity which knows no bounds of race or creed we urge every one who reads these lines to write at once to his Senator and member of Congress urging that early action be taken at Washington. No political emergency can serve as an excuse for inaction on the part of our own Government and the Allied governments. Each one should regard himself as an agent to get others also to write that Washington may know and feel the true heart of America.

"We do not assume to dictate to the President and to Congress

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what shall be their method of attaining the end in view. We are certain that the means are at their command to make it known to the Allied Powers that the people of the United States look to them to end the Turkish destruction of Christian peoples under their control, and we are equally sure of the good-will and humanity of the high officers of our Government; but if they are assured that the public is back of them, their hands will be strengthened. What we ask is that they bring home to the European Powers a realizing sense of the fact that the American people are in earnest in their demands that these people shall be saved from utter destruction."

We must not stand by and let the Armenians die, insists *The Congregationalist*—

"The Allies have punished Germany with reparations, but the evil Turk seems likely to resume his chronic sport of Christian-baiting, with only a murmur of protest from the Western nations at whom he laughs in his sleeve. America sends missionaries, and builds orphanages for the children of those whom the dragon has slain, but America is helpless before the shrewd but unspeakable Turk. It is our shame that it is so. It is time we did something to meet our moral obligations to these weak ones who are the prey of race and religious hate. Let the Church speak and demand action from the Government at Washington. Let America speak with all the force that her prestige carries in the councils of the nations. And let the nations that claim privileges in the Near East be responsible for the safety of those who are in a peculiar and tragic sense civilization's wards."

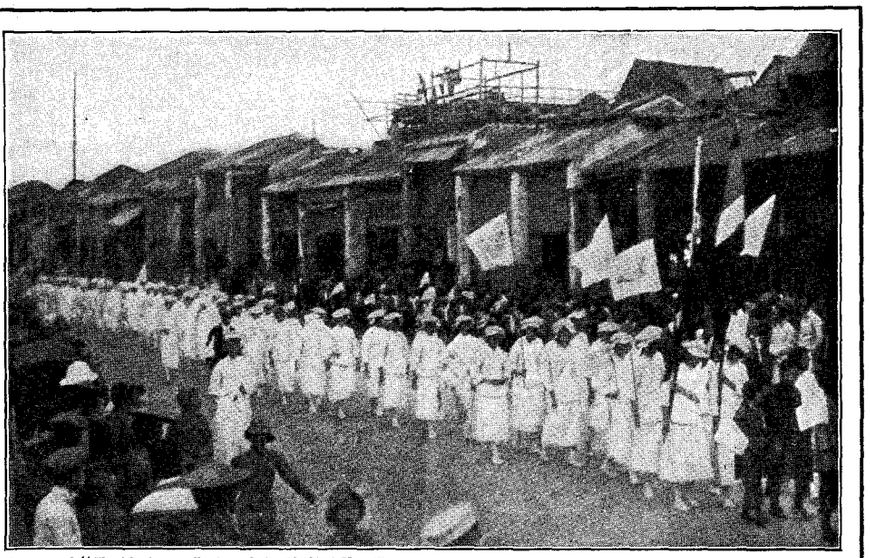
"THE HIGH ROAD" TO A HEALTHIER WOMANHOOD—In the belief that health is next to godliness, women in New York have just organized a Woman's Health Foundation, a cooperative enterprise of sixteen bodies interested in helping American women to come to physical "normalcy." The Y. W. C. A. is leading in the organization. As part of its campaign, says *The Christian Work* (New York), the Foundation is planning a series of moving pictures that shall help interest women and girls in the idea of being healthy. To this end the first of the series, "The High Road," has been worked out by Carlyle Ellis, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. We quote this description of the play:

"*Edith*, a girl in her teens, who lived in a typical small town where the social life of the young people has consisted of dances and automobile-riding, and the interests of the girls have been limited to clothes, and gossip, and boys, has come back from the city with utterly changed ideas as to what constitutes a good time and what makes up a girl's life, thanks to her touch with the Y. W. C. A. Her old-time chum comes to see her on her return home—wants to look at her dresses and clothes. *Edith* shows her her play suits, with bloomers and detachable skirts. *Ethel* is particularly scandalized by *Edith's* decent shoes. 'What are they?' she inquires. 'Men's?' But *Edith's* idea of tennis, and hikes, and play carries most of the young people of the town. She even interests the Women's Club, with the result that a health clinic under the Y. W.'s auspices holds a session in Sheridan. *Ethel* finds out what a poor person she is physically by reason of bad shoes, and lack of exercise, and so on. So she is reformed. Five years later, one of the two protagonists is ready to lead in the work of the Health Foundation, and the other, yet wiser, is married and a happy wife and mother.

"The whole movie is a real joy. To see the virtues of simplicity and health on the screen is an unaccustomed pleasure. The moving-picture interests just now are especially open to suggestions by which the screen can become a constructive force instead of a neutral or even destructive one. 'The High Road' should be a real suggestion to the producers."

HOW CANTON GOT RID OF GAMBLING

CHRISTIANS AND NON-CHRISTIANS have united in a campaign against the gamblers in Canton, China, have ousted the Government which permitted them to operate their dens, and have effected a change in administration which is said to have saved the people untold misery and unhappiness. Gambling is one of the national vices of China, and has long been recognized as a more or less necessary evil, so the suppression of an established custom was not brought about without serious difficulty. One or two editors who were courageous enough to protest against the old régime are said to have lost their lives in consequence of their outspoken bravery. But to-day the city—which has a population of about 1,000,000—is said to be free of the national vice, and Canton is set up as a good example which might well be followed by cities in the Western world. In 1911, according to *The Missionary Review of the World*, the gambling dens in Canton were closed by order, and they remained closed for six years. In 1917, they were reopened on the plea that funds were needed to carry on a campaign for the constitutional government. Those in power were autocratic, we are told, and the Cantonese had no voice in the government of their province. Last year a revolt was organized, and, says *The Review*, the friends of liberty and good government drove out the reactionaries. A Christian anti-gambling association was formed, with Mr. Leung, secretary of the London Missionary Society, as president. *The Chronicle* of the society, in an article copied by *The Review*, thus describes the campaign:



Courtesy of "The Missionary Review of the World," New York.

A CHINESE FAREWELL TO GAMBLING.

Christians and non-Christians paraded 10,000 strong in the demonstration which marked the climax of Canton's antigambling crusade. The gambling-places were closed eight days later.

"All the Christian schools were enlisted in the work and the boys and girls made a thorough canvass of the city. Their pluck was well rewarded, as more than 60,000 members of the association were enrolled. A weekly paper has been prepared and widely circulated, and the whole matter has been kept before the minds of the people.

"As soon as the new governor, Ch'an Kweng Meng, was appointed, it was decided to approach him and petition that the gambling dens be closed, and the lotteries prohibited. On November 23, a large procession was organized. All the schools of Canton, both Christian and non-Christian, took part, and the members of the churches and the guilds, as well as the newly-formed labor associations, joined. At least 10,000 people took part in this demonstration. They marched through the chief streets of the city, and finally came to the office of the Governor. There a deputation, headed by Mr. Leung, and

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composed of representatives of all the different bodies taking part in the procession, waited on the Governor and presented their petition. His reply was prompt and decisive. He exprest in no measured terms his abhorrence of the evil, and said that the proclamations were already prepared ordering the closing of all these places on December 1. The leaders left, feeling that indeed God had answered their prayer.

"On December 1 the proclamations were posted up everywhere and these sources of temptation were closed. Severe penalties are threatened on all those who disobey."

FOR POCKET DISARMAMENT

IF THE CHURCHES are to insist on national disarmament, they should also insist on personal disarmament, and should lead in a crusade against the use and sale of firearms, declares a Baptist minister in Iowa, as he considers all the gun-play reported in the recent newspaper accounts of murders, suicides, hold-ups, labor feuds, and race riots. This business of "carrying a gun" is part of a "vicious circle of crime," the writer declares in *The Baptist Record* (Pella, Iowa):

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THE SAFEST PLACE FOR FIREARMS.

This disposal of "pocket-artillery" taken from criminals by the New York police indicates what the "antigun" crusader who is quoted on this page would like to do to all firearms.

"The policeman carries a gun because the thug carries a gun. The thug carries a gun because the policeman carries a gun. The thief carries a gun because the property-owner carries a gun, and the property-owner must have a gun because the thief has one. The hold-up man has a gun because the private individual is supposed to have a gun. The private individual carries a gun in his hip pocket because he expects to meet the hold-up man who has a gun. The porch-climber has a gun because the lady of the house has a gun handy at all hours of the day and night. The lady of the house keeps the gun handy because she expects the housebreaker to come at some unlooked-for moment with a gun. The high-school boy has a gun because everybody else has a gun—his dad, his chum, the minister, the teacher, the grocer, and the banker—and he must be in style, and in order to get practise and rehearse the shootings of the Wild-West picture shows and the newspaper stories, he shoots down in cold blood his little playmate.

"And so it goes on day after day. A program of murder, suicide, robbery, hold-up, and crime of almost every description traceable to the gun industry. We have a perfect avalanche of 'shoot, shoot, shoot' as a daily ration.

"Let the W. C. T. U. and other reformers get busy in a reform that will mean something worth while; more worth while than fighting trivial matters. Let's fight the gun! Let's save our boys and incidentally a few policemen, ward bosses, and other individuals who may be worth saving. Let's put out of commission every manufacturer of arms for individual use. We put the saloon-keeper out of business and stopt the brewer and distiller. Why not take away the rights of those men who manufacture arms to shoot and to kill. Why not include the toy pistol as well and save our boys and little children from getting the habit. Why not have another amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America. Why not prohibit the manufacture and sale of guns, pistols, firearms of every description to everybody, private individual, officer of the law, corporation, business concern, everybody? Why not? If nobody had a gun, nobody would need a gun."

"PLAY-WORK" THAT TRAINS CITIZENS

BY PLAYING AT PARENTHOOD, taking dolls to a toy church, caring for a cardboard house, or managing a sawdust farm, a child may learn the duties of citizenship and the responsibilities of government and never know he is doing it. It is simply, we learn, a matter of combining work and play, with emphasis on the play, and giving proper direction to the child's own initiative and his imitative powers. In the School of Childhood of the University of Pittsburgh, Miss Meredith Smith has developed such a plan, calling it the "community project," in which the children acquire the habits of right and justice, of thought and discipline at the same time that they learn the three R's and the fundamentals necessary to self-support, community welfare, and social advancement. Miss Smith writes in *The Survey* (New York) that her system creates "a situation that helps to expand the small, narrow life of the child, and permits him, in play, to identify his interests and satisfaction with others." Each boy and girl learns the duties and responsibilities of parenthood and community life with the implements of childhood. Each has a toy house to care for, with all its attendant duties and obligations, and a make-believe business of some kind that demands attention — a store to manage, a building to erect and equip, a play to be put on in the theater, street-cars, trains, and delivery wagons to be run. The children combine forces and build miniature rural, residential, or industrial communities. Social obligations come in for their share of attention. Dolls are taken to church occasionally, or to school, or out to ride. When obligations and duties become too pressing children engage the services of others. Paper money is circulated by the teacher, representing the government, and the children early learn the uses and advantages of ordered society.

"The school thus becomes a place not only for learning lessons, but one in which children may live, really live, a natural child's life. The problems met and solved are a preparation for the larger problems that must be met later in life. At a time when the consequences are not too disastrous, children are gaining from experience ideas of what is just and fair. They are learning to cooperate with others in joint enterprises, to adjust themselves to the 'give and take' essential in all social intercourse, and to curb immediate selfish impulses for the sake of larger ends. Failure to subordinate unsocial qualities is, in this free situation, met with immediate group reaction, the most effective form of reproof. . . . . .

"The idea of responsibility is emphasized all through the work and play of the community project. Each child has his own possessions for which he is responsible, his home and family to care for, his business to look after, and new means of promoting the community welfare to discover and help work out. From the groups of children I have seen, I feel confident that these responsibilities help in stabilizing the child's character, in increasing his self-confidence, and in deepening his sense of obligation to take a part in the world's work."

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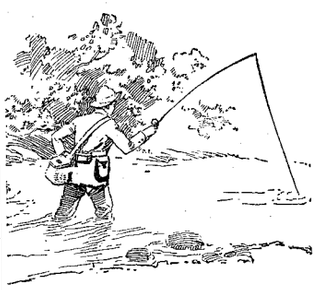

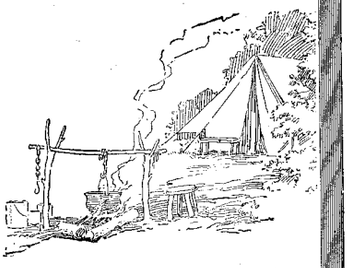

What food for summer?

It's a time for short cuts in housekeeping. Yet it is a time when outdoors gives the appetite its keenest edge. Campbell's Beans are the ideal summer food. They are rich, hearty, nourishing—deliciously appetizing with their famous tomato sauce. They are already cooked, delightful hot or cold, on the home table or out of doors.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

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CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

EUROPE'S debt to us and our debt to her receives a passionate expression in these lines in the New York *Times*. It is plain that the people and the politicians can not see eye to eye.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

By Francis Bourne Upham

So long as Honor holds its ancient hallowed place,
So long we stand as debtor, Europe, in thy place!

The stricken fields of France still bleed from open wounds,
The livid scars in Flanders have not healed,
In No Man's Land the pines still echo back the sounds
Of crashing waves 'gainst walls that never yield,
The smoldering ruins of humble homes,
The graves of heroes still unknown,
The skeleton cathedral domes,
The drooping weed on sculptured stone,
Still testify of priceless sacrifice for Right—
Still signalize the meanness of unrighteous might.

A hundred thousand sturdy sons of England's best,
With backs against a spattered wall faced Hell;
As many thousand crosses plead for them at rest,
Where yesterday they proudly fought so well,
And thousands more, yes, millions more,
From school and shop, from hut and hall,
From factories' forge, from village store,
Fast followed on, in turn to fall.
Till every blade of grass seems drenched in blood
And every placid stream a crimson flood.

Along the Somme, at Ypres, Amiens, Verdun,
On Alpine heights, in submerged wintry sea,
Fair youth kept tryst with death, tho God knows all too soon,
That justice might be sure, democracy be free.
They counted not their lives as dear,
They scorned to boast of what they did,
They never doubted triumph near,
They knew that right could not be hid,
For Belgium, Italy, fair England, sunny France,
Men leapt to die as maidens spring to dance!

And yet—great God, forgive!—men tell of what they owe—
Of billions due from Europe, even now—
As if deep lines of care and withering wo
Had not been stamped for us on her sad brow!
Great God forgive, great God forget,
If ever once we think of gold—
If in our selfishness we let
Some tale of petty greed be told.

So long as Honor holds its ancient hallowed place,
So long we stand as debtor, Europe, in thy place!

IT may be too violent a twist to say that our confusions and irresolutions induce these almost hopeless reflections, yet they are as good a source as any other. *The New Republic*, where we find them and Mr. Benét who wrote them, leads us to interpret them in this light:

THE FUGITIVE

By William Rose Benét

Red foxes in their earthy holes
Slumber curled as the moon goes by.
The running winds are like fleet foals
That follow a leader up the sky.
The stars are like a chime of bells
Swinging, ringing, from west to east.
The foxes doze and dream of smells
And barbarous beatific feast.
The night within the wood is still,
Blind as the foolish mind of man.
All folk that crouch or crawl to kill
Forget wherefore they cried and ran.
The cruel heart of nature sleeps,
But over the hill the soul is blown
To whirling space with infinite deeps
Where stars like sparkling seed are sown,

I would be running with the wind
Afar from lives that murder lives
Up the steep air where thought is thinned
And lost in cold that cuts like knives.
I would be buffeted, blown apart,
Dissolved and lost in space and height,
Out of the body, brain, and heart,
One with the ecstasy of light.

But tethered are the feet that start,
Fast-tethered is the mind that strains,
The beat of your remorseless heart
Will only pay your soul with pains.
The blank ironic day will break
And time outwag all other clocks;
So fall—and may your laughter shake
A chill into the stoic rocks.

TESTED by the reports from Russia in the daily press, this poem which we find in *The Liberator* (New York) shows principally how passion can suppress a sense of humor. It out-Bolshevises Lenine, who seems to be waking up to the sad fact that his system won't work. Our space does not permit all the stanzas, which run to nine of unequal length. We are sorry to deprive the reader of the cumulative effect of the eight as a preparation for the ninth. Why the author has not gone to Russia, where she would have all the privileges she mentions, is not stated.

WE WHO STAY

By Rose Pastor Stokes

O Peasants of Russia, my Comrades! Would I were with you now!
Better to make a plow of our finger-nails,
Digging them into the soil as into our own flesh,
Till the earth bleed bread for ourselves and our fellow workers,
Than to sow and harvest richly with the sure steel fingers of Science
For the lords of the land again.

O Proletariat of Russia, my Comrades! Would I were with you now!
Better to break hunger-bread with Liberty,
Than batten at feasts with Oppression;
Better to walk with Death in the ragged ranks of your armies,
Than move in duvetyned safety in the circles of bourgeois dry-rot;
Better to be hurried off as Jack Reed by typhus,
Than to wait and wait for the Canker to eat through the heart of Reaction;
Better even than being that Canker;
For it is more glorious to be for one hour a god that builds,
Than for years to be a worm that destroys,
Tho it clear the way for the builder.

O Russian Proletariat, my Comrades!
I long to share your meager bowl of Kasha,
For the sweet touch to my lips of a wooden spoon
Whittled with Liberty's new pocket-knife.
O, to be in your streets, Moscow! Moscow!
To know that when they ring hard,
It is with the iron battle-tread of the proletariat,
And not with the clang of chains about their feet
Forever trudging to the gates of Life, and turned forever back;
To know that when your streets are gay,
They are no longer gay with song that chills you and laughter that stabs,
But with the laughter of Red Banners in the wind,
And the healing voice of the multitude greeting with song that laughter.

. . . . . .

Peasants of Russia, my brothers and comrades!
Again and yet again: To be with you, O, to be with you!
To humbly uncover our ancient fear—to fling it from us;
To take him, the questioning Commissar, to our secret wheat-hoard,
And relinquish the bread of our to-morrow,
Sure at last that if we give our brothers grain-power
To stagger on to victory,
There will come a harvest securing all our to-morrows. . . .
O, to pull our belts in, together, tight as the cruel Blockade!

. . . . . .

O, Proletariat! again and yet again: O, Proletariat, Mass, People!
O, Sands of the sea, Stars of the heavens!
Brooks, Streams, Rivers of the world,
Rushing headlong over jagged rocks of your obstruction
To the yearned-for waiting sea.
Dams set up to bend you to their uses
Delay you but a moment.
Nothing eventually stays you, O Incorporate with your Shining Destiny!
Where the rocks are flintiest there would I be with you;
For a whisper intuitive stirs in the rapids
That but a little way the sea lies waiting.
Break us, O Rocks! upon your cruel projections;
Scatter us in a white spray of wild confusion;
Yet shall we find our way back, together,
Following where the whisper wings before . . .
O Russia, O Peasant, O Proletaire! Would I were with you now . . .

And yet—and yet—
Where there is (as yet) no gladness of Red Banners in the wind;
Where there is (as yet) no song to greet that gladness;
Where, if there is hungering, there is (as yet) no laughter and no challenging;
Where, if hands are lifted, it is (as yet) to ward off blows,
Not to fling skyward the flaming white sparkles of rebellion;
Where, if breasts are crusht, it is from pressure against prison bars,
Not from human surf beating on the shores of Freedom—
And yet—and yet—(I say to myself),
Where these things be—
Where Liberty breathes as she were sleeping;
Where Liberty sleeps as she were dead;
Some there must remain to blare an insistent trumpet into her ear.

THAT we should not seem too political in this week's selection of verse, here are lines of introspective musing from *The Weekly Review* (New York):

SONGS

By Mary Brent Whiteside

Many deaths have gone to build
Every movement I have willed,
That my life may be fulfilled.
Many deaths, yet I have breath
Still to sing of life and death.
All the selves that died in me,
Live again in melody.

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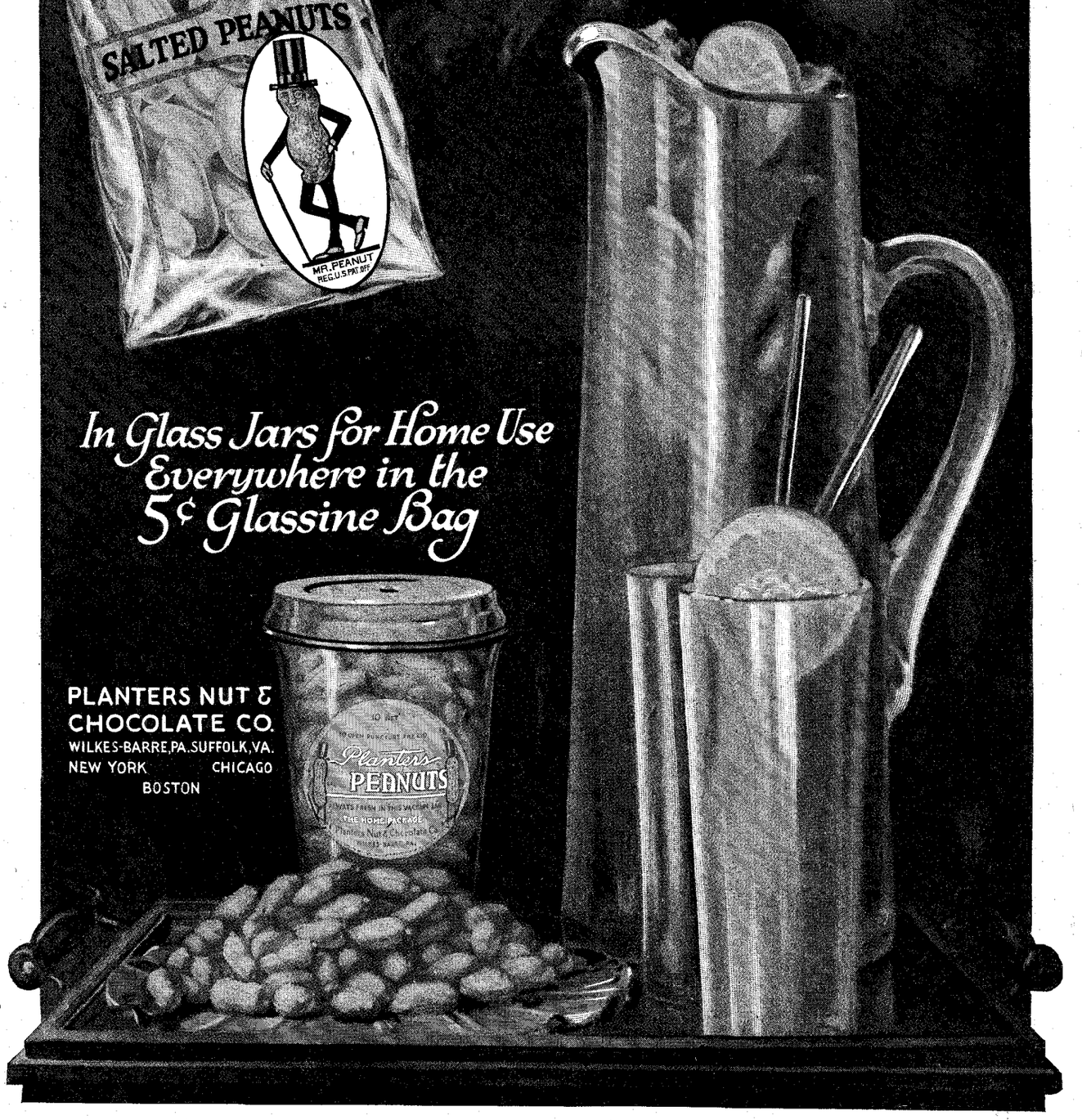
On the Entertainment Committee

Planters Pennant

In Glass Jars for Home Use Everywhere in the 5¢ Glassine Bag



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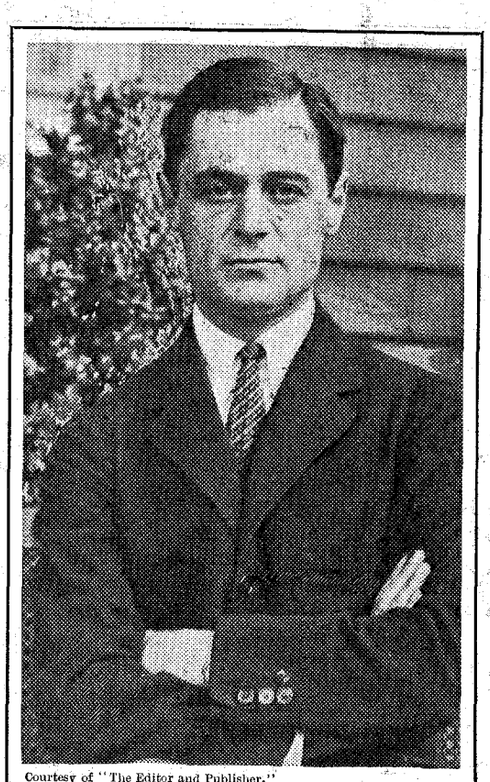
PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

FOR EXPOSING PONZI—A GOLD MEDAL AND $2,000

NOT SO VERY LONG AGO, a Boston crowd "gave three groans" for the Boston *Post* and its editor. When the prizes of the Joseph Pulitzer Foundation were awarded the other day, the same paper and its editor received the gold medal and $2,000 in cash, "bestowed for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any newspaper in the United States during 1920." How the "notable distinction" was won by the Boston *Post* "makes in itself a very interesting news story," observes *The Editor and Publisher*, New York. "It illustrates how the primal requisites of a newspaper man, accurate judgment and unflinching courage, brought honor to *The Post*. These requisites were displayed by Richard Grozier, who, as assistant editor and publisher, was in complete charge of the paper during an important period of last year." It was at the time when the Ponzi swindle, then supposed to be a wonderfully clever international money-making scheme, was in full swing. The largest golden bubble in the history of such enterprises was being blown in Boston, and tens of thousands of people with a little money to invest were expressing their appreciation in the way most pleasing to Ponzi. It was then that the work of the Boston *Post*, "in unmasking the gigantic fraud upon the public, in actually compelling action by the authorities, in bringing to light the previous criminal career of Ponzi, and in marshaling so formidable an array of evidence that Ponzi felt it hopeless to face a jury," established its claim on the Pulitzer award.

There was much more than an ordinary newspaper story in the Ponzi *exposé*, says *The Editor and Publisher:*

> Behind it was a dramatic background showing a contest of wits from beginning to end between the newspaper and the alert, successful swindler, and the unyielding, constant fight with both legal and illegal methods on the part of Ponzi himself to thwart the attempts at exposure. At that time Ponzi had nearly all New England fascinated by his dazzling promises. It was extraordinary what a hold he had on the public, and yet in those days it seemed perfectly reasonable.
>
> His scheme, as he explained it, was simple and feasible. Everybody knew that foreign money had depreciated. Therefore, when he said that he had agents in Europe who were buying post-office coupons which cost less than two cents in American money, but which when brought over here could be redeemed at five cents, there seemed to be no flaw in the scheme.
>
> The Post-office Department sent their shrewdest officials to investigate the scheme, but they reported that they could find nothing wrong with it. The Boston Police Commissioner detailed several of his best inspectors to examine into Ponzi's business affairs. Not only did they report that his plans were absolutely legal, but a number of them were themselves so convinced that they invested their own cash in the Ponzi coupons. More than that, several of the inspectors and other members of the police department enrolled themselves as agents for Ponzi.
>
> When with this was combined the fact that a very conservative credit agency gave an official report vouching for Ponzi's financial responsibility, it was little wonder that his offices were crowded to suffocation with men and women who actually begged for a chance to invest their money with him.
>
> It was then that Richard Grozier felt that, whatever the cost, whatever the danger, the real facts of the Ponzi scheme should be obtained and the wily plan exposed for the good of the public who were being befooled and upon whom he believed were daily falling tremendous losses. Such action on the part of Mr. Grozier called for strong courage and a high sense of newspaper duty, since, if he were unsuccessful in finding the flaw, he was bringing a very grave danger to a great newspaper property.
>
> In fact, a leading attorney of the city had duly warned him that the legal consequences were so ominous that only the most extraordinary public service could warrant him in taking the risk.
>
> The entire responsibility at this time was his alone. Mr. Grozier's father, E. A. Grozier, editor and publisher of *The Post* for many years, was away from Boston on an extended vacation and circumstances rendered it impossible to consult him. The managing editor of *The Post* was also absent at that time. Richard Grozier was in full charge of the editorial, business, and mechanical departments of the whole institution.



Courtesy of "The Editor and Publisher."

HE CAUGHT A "FINANCIAL WIZARD."

Richard Grozier, of the Boston *Post*, made himself unpopular when he began tracking down the clever Mr. Ponzi, but he has lately been awarded a Pulitzer prize for his good work.

> Ponzi at this time was indorsed by many financiers, including public officials. His appearance on the street was greeted by cheers, he was made the honored guest at banquets, and was proclaimed "the financial wizard of the age." Young Grozier, "absolved all other members of *The Post* organization from responsibility, which he personally assumed," and "gave the word to go the limit in showing the public that Ponzi's grandiose financial adventure was a myth." The first steps seemed to lead up against a blank wall:
>
> The cheerful "wizard" was apparently entirely frank, and talked very openly. He showed a quarter of a million dollars in bills crusht into two suitcases and another quarter of a million of Liberty bonds, to impress *The Post* reporters with his financial ability to meet an attack upon his establishment. And even at that time he was taking in money by the tens of thousands each day. Later it grew into millions, and it soon became evident that Ponzi had won the first round in the contest between him and *The Post*.
>
> The original publications in the paper at first started a run on his establishment, but Ponzi managed to halt it by offering all investors the chance to take their money out and proving that he had several millions ready in cash to meet their demands. He even got some very plausible indorsements of his scheme—and again the investing public poured their hard-earned dollars into his coffers.
>
> Meanwhile, however, *The Post* was bringing heavy guns to bear on the Ponzi establishment. It secured an interview from Charles W. Barron, for many years the well-known financial expert of New England and editor of several financial journals in New York, Boston, and other parts of the country, in which Mr. Barron tore the Ponzi scheme to shreds. But Ponzi's answer was prompt. He filed a suit for $5,000,000 against Mr. Barron and attached his property.
>
> Then *The Post* had its Paris correspondent investigate in France and also learned from the headquarters of the Postal League in Switzerland that there was no extensive dealing in

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Foot Comfort in Summer

Discomfort in warm weather is so common. Tight clothing seems tighter when the temperature rises to tropical heights. Collars and corsets and shoes are so annoying that everybody feels a desire to get them off!

It is the restricted circulation of the blood that makes the feet swell and causes the discomfort of ordinary footwear. In the right kind of shoes, your feet will be comfortable even when the hot sun burns the pavement.

Women who wear Cantilever Shoes in summer time are not troubled. Their feet are comfortable because Cantilever Shoes are built on a last which conforms to the natural shape of the foot. The arch is flexible, like the foot (not made rigid by a metal "shank-piece" which is concealed in all ordinary shoes), therefore the foot is unrestrained. Free muscular action and free circulation keep the foot comfortable, healthy and cool.

Walking is enjoyable when the feet are shod in good looking shoes that permit the natural functioning of the muscles, ligaments, and the 26 bones of which the foot is composed. Cantilever heels of the right height induce correct posture, which means better health for you. Easy walking means more of youthful spirit, more enjoyment out of doors.

When the weather is hot, don't envy the comfortable barefoot lad. Probably he has less in life than you have. But copy the idea of freedom by wearing Cantilever Shoes. Enjoy some of his happiness.

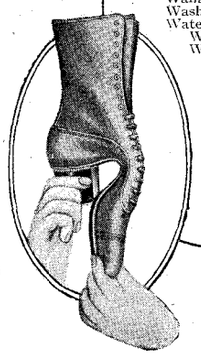
If no dealer listed at the right is near you, the Manufacturers, MORSE & BURT CO., 1 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., will mail you the Cantilever Shoe Booklet and the address of a nearby dealer.

Cantilever Stores

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade
Altoona—Bendheim's,1302—11thAve.
Asbury Park—Best Shoe Co.
Asheville—Anthony Bros.
Atlanta—Carlton Shoe & Clo. Co.
Austin—Carl H. Mueller
Baltimore—Wm. Hahn & Co.
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Bridgeport—W. K. Mollan
Brooklyn—414 Fulton St.
Buffalo—639 Main St.
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Charleston—J. P. Condon & Sons
Chicago—30 E. Randolph St.
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—Graner-Powers Co.
Colorado Springs—M.B.Rich Shoe Co.
Columbia, S. C.—Watson Shoe Co.
Columbus, Miss.—Simon Loeb's
Columbus, O.—The Union
Dallas—Leon Kahn Shoe Co.
Davenport—R. M. Neustadt & Sons
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver—A. T. Lewis & Son
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
Detroit—T.J.Jackson,41E.AdamsAv.
Easton—H. Mayer, 427 Northampton St.
Elizabeth—Gigl's, 1053 Elizabeth Ave.
Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
El Paso—Popular D. G. Co.
Erie—Weschler Co.
Evanston—North Shore Bootery
Fitchburg—Wm. C. Goodwin
Fort Dodge—Schill & Habenicht
Galveston—Fellman's
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greenville, S. C.—Pollock's
Harrisburg—Orner's Boot Shop
Hartford—86 Pratt St.
Houston—W. C. Munn Co.
Huntington, W.Va.—McMahon-Dix
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Mich.—Palmer Co.
Jacksonville—Golden's Bootery
JerseyCity—Bennett's,411 Central Av.
Johnstown, Pa.—Zang's
Kansas City, Kan.—Nelson Shoe Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Jones Store Co.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lancaster—Frey's, 3 E. King St.
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—G. H. Woodman
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—Poe Shoe Co.
Los Angeles—505 Pantages Bldg.
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Macon—The Dannenberg Co.
McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan
Meridian—Winner, Klein & Co.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—21 Eighth St., South
Missoula—Missoula Merc. Co.
Mobile—Level Best Shoe Store
Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
Morristown—G. W. Melick
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
New Britain—Sloan Bros.
New Haven—153 Court St.
New Orleans—D. H. Holmes Co.
New Rochelle—Ware's
New York—22 West 39th St.
Oklahoma City—The Boot Shop
Omaha—308 So. 18th St.
Pasadena—Morse-Heckman Co.
Passaic—Kroll's, 37 Lexington Ave.
Pawtucket—Evans & Young
Philadelphia—1300 Walnut St.
Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
Pittsfield—Fahey's, 234 North St.
Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
Portland, Ore.—353 Alder St.
Poughkeepsie—Louis Schonberger
Providence—The Boston Store
Raleigh—Walk-Over Boot Shop
Reading—S. S. Schweriner
Richmond,Va.—S.Sycle, 11W.Broad
Rochester—148 East Ave.
Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
Saginaw—Goeschel-Brater Co.
St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg.,op. P.O.
Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
San Antonio—Guarantee Shoe Co.
San Diego—The Marston Co.
San Francisco—Phelan Bldg. (Arcade)
San Jose—Hoff & Kayser
Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
Schenectady—Patton & Hall
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wall
Stamford—L. Spelke & Son
Syracuse—136 S. Salina St.
Tampa—Glenn's, 507 Franklin St.
Terre Haute—Otto C. Hornung
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Topeka—Pelletier Stores Co.
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Troy—W. H. Frear & Co.
Tulsa—Lyons' Shoe Store
Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.
Waco—Davis-Smith Booterie
Walla Walla—Gardner & Co.
Washington—Wm. Hahn & Co.
Waterbury—Reid & Hughes Co.
Wichita—Rorabaugh's
Wilkesbarre—M. F. Murray
Winston-Salem—Clark-Westbrook Co.
Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.
Yakima—Kohls Shoe Co.
Yonkers—Louis Klein, 22 Main St.
York—The Bon Ton
Youngstown—B. McManus Co.

Cantilever Shoe

for Men & Women



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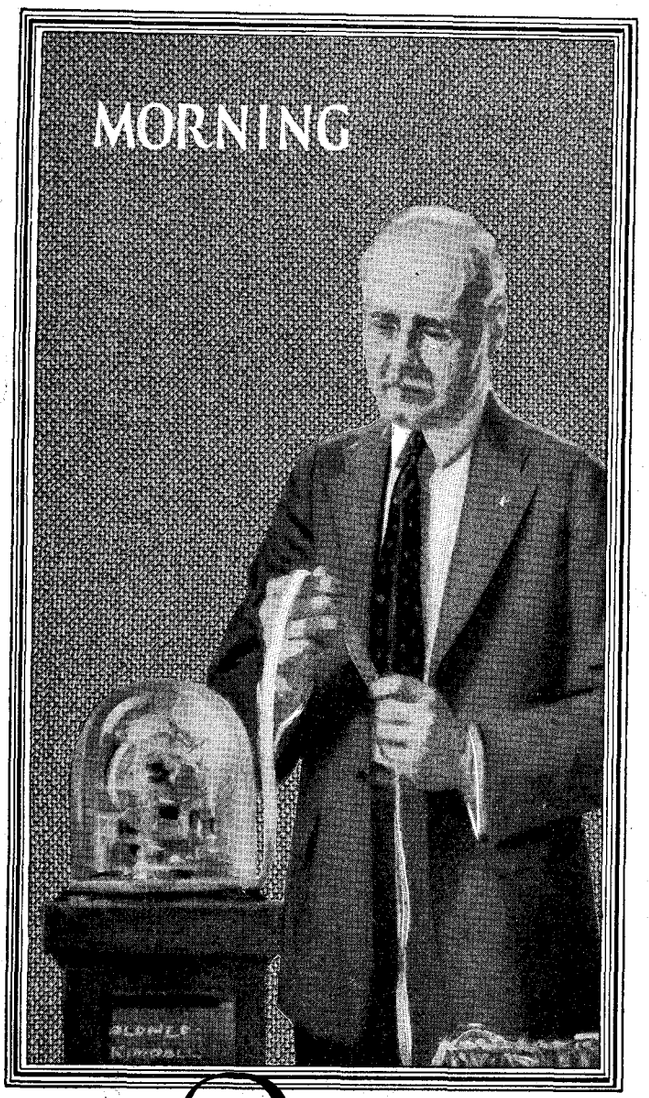

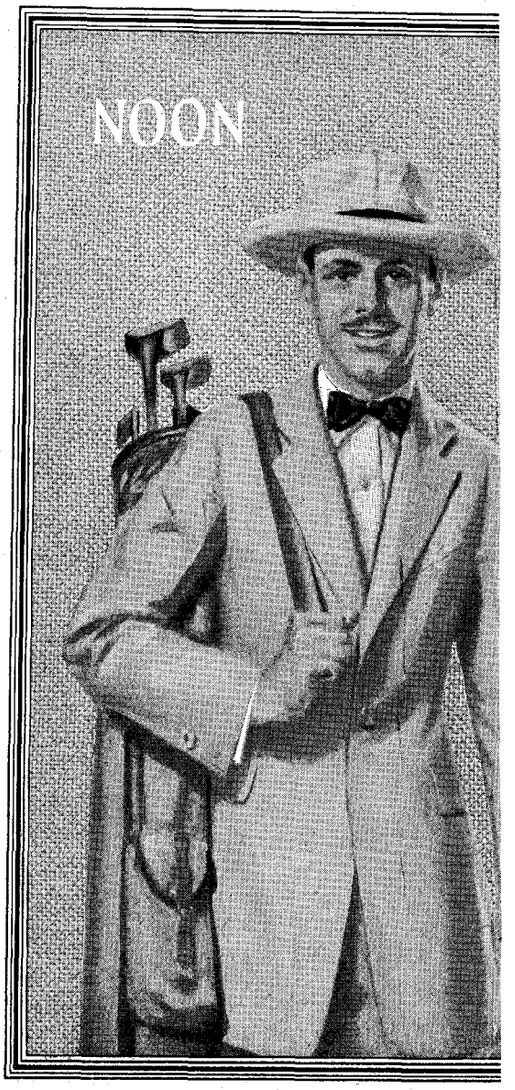

Palm Beach Sui

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

This label is sewn in every
Genuine Palm Beach Suit

© 1921 GOODALL WORSTED CO.

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FLATO

ool and Comfortable

from "good morning" till "good night"

The summer days—the summer nights—are often the most delightful of the entire year. That is—if you wear a PALM BEACH SUIT. For every little breeze is welcomed by its open porous weave. It is a suit without weight or warmth—sensible for the office—ideal for outdoors, and "good form" for the evening call. Clothiers will take pride in showing you well tailored Palm Beach Suits. . . . In colors, light and dark.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS—GOODALL WORSTED CO.
Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., New York City

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reply postal coupons going on there, and, furthermore, in Washington it was found that not more than $10,000 of these coupons had been redeemed in the whole year.

This looked like a staggerer for Mr. Ponzi, but he was ready with his counter. With the most engaging appearance of frankness, he admitted now that these facts were correct, but that he had simply used the postal-reply-coupons scheme as a blind to prevent Wall-Street men from getting even a hint of what his real money-making scheme was. And he still kept it secret.

So popular was Ponzi even at this time that when he appeared in front of *The Post* building on his way to the bank, where he was a director, his devoted adherents cheered and the crowd turned and gave "three groans for *The Post*."

Again he stopt the run against his establishment which *The Post* stories had again started, and it looked on the outside, at least, as if all these attacks had merely resulted in advertising him so that he could gain more investors and more money by the confidence he instilled.

But now came the final blow that burst the Ponzi bubble.

In the course of an extended investigation *The Post* had found that one "Charles Ponzi" had served a term in a Canadian prison for a "get-rich-quick" swindle in Montreal. *The Post* sent a representative there and by means of pictures identified the Montreal Ponzi as really the Boston Ponzi. . . . . .

That was the end. An enormous run started upon his office. His arrest followed and the authorities took possession of his affairs. Had he not been exposed, his victims might have lost hundreds of millions of dollars. He had started to operate in other cities, and even on the very day that *The Post exposé* was printed he had taken in a million dollars in that twelve hours alone.

As for the man who authorized and engineered the exposure of the swindle, says the writer:

Mr. Richard Grozier is still a young man, about thirty-five years of age, but he has had a long and brilliant career in journalism. From Phillips Exeter Academy he went to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1909. He worked his way through all the departments in the newspaper business from cub reporter to editorial writer in the editorial department, from apprentice work to journeyman work in the stereotype and press rooms. In addition, he has visited the plants of the large newspapers of America, England, and the Continent.

BARNUM WAS GREAT, BUT "TEX" RICKARD GETS MORE MONEY

WHILE BANKERS, brokers, and real boxing experts are worrying over the chances of Dempsey or Carpentier on July 2, Tex Rickard, who hazards most on the mill, sits up in his watch-tower in Madison Square Garden and smokes gift cigars, unafraid. This little view of him is said to show the nerve of the man who starts out so often with hope as his chief capital, but who, so far, has never failed to bring home the bacon. The only fact on which he focuses attention is that he is bringing Dempsey and Carpentier together for the championship of the world. He picked out a place for the bout, bought a lot of lumber, had some tickets printed, made sure the fighters would show up at the tap of the gong, and let it go at that. Save for a slight twinkle in his eye when he looks over his bank balance after each day's sale of tickets, the fight promoter, says one of the numerous newspaper correspondents who haunt his steps, looks like a middle-aged son of a rich father who has just passed away and left him a million dollars' worth of Liberty bonds and a pair of sharp scissors. When the great pugilistic event was still a month off, the box-office receipts were considerably more than half a million dollars, and when the last ticket is sold and the last holder seated, the total receipts are expected to reach a cool million. Like Phineas T. Barnum, his great predecessor in the show business, Tex Rickard is said to have made no costly failures in his appraisal of attractions that would draw the crowd and leave behind a trail of gold. He has staged more than thirty battles of national or international importance, and has never sustained a financial loss. It may be that he has been attended by good luck, but most of his success is laid to his shrewd business sense and an instinctive knowledge of what the sporting world is willing to pay for. Arthur Chapman writes in the New York *Tribune* that—

The guaranties of the fighters themselves were in the safe long before Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier ever thought of beginning to train for the contest, and these were sufficient to insure the preliminary expenses. Of course, in case of disaster to one of the fighters or some other unexpected turn of events that might stop the fight at the last minute, there would be losses to be made up, but that is too slight an element to deter a man like Tex Rickard, who has been taking chances all his life, and generally coming off first best.

The probabilities are 100 to 1 that Rickard will collect profits from the greatest crowd that has ever paid to witness a ring contest. Nearly half the seating capacity of the arena—some 60,000—had been disposed of before the arena itself had been fairly started. At a time when Rickard was still dealing with contractors who were detailed to the work of putting up the seemingly endless tiers of seats in Jersey City checks were pouring into his office in Madison Square Garden. These checks were being sent from all parts of the world. Four hundred seat-holders had sent their money from France. There were checks from other European countries and from South America, and even from the Orient. There were many checks drawn on Canadian banks and from Mexico. Wealthy men from Chicago—bankers, packers, and other prominent Lake-Front boulevardiers—had sent for the slips of pasteboard which reserved their ringside holdings, and had engaged a special train to bring them to the fistic ceremony. It was apparent that, if orders kept on coming at a similar rate, there would be a million-dollar house—with most of the seats bought and paid for in advance.

With all his foresight and his uncanny capacity for judging the public's wants, Barnum never visualized an attraction that played to more than a fraction of a million dollars at one performance. But Tex Rickard, who a few years ago was led into prize-fight promoting through a fluke of circumstances, and who began applying Western methods to that branch of the show business, is now on the verge of realizing the biggest ambition of showmen—staging an attraction before a million-dollar audience.

Rickard and Barnum, says the writer, started their careers in lines of endeavor which eventually came under the tabu of the law. Barnum sold lottery tickets in Connecticut, and Rickard, in his younger years in the West, conducted gambling establishments. Connecticut shut down on the lottery business, and Barnum was forced to take up other lines. Rickard conducted gambling enterprises which were more straightforward, and which gave the player a better run for his money, than was the case with the lottery that attracted Barnum. Once when Tex Rickard was a witness in a lawsuit he said, in answer to a request to describe his business, that he ran gambling-houses, but pointed out that they were legalized under the laws of Nevada. Thus he, like Barnum, was trained in a school where taking chances were the rule rather than the exception. The writer comments:

It is a strange fact that one who has developed such an unfailing knowledge of what the public wants in the way of entertainment has spent most of his life "out among the big things" in the lonely places where men are few and their visits widely spaced. It has remained for this man from Texas, Alaska, and Nevada to show the wiseacres of the world's greatest amusement center just how to make a successful study of crowd psychology—to figure out just what sort of an entertainment a man will travel half-way around the world to see, and then to go ahead and provide that entertainment on a scale of breath-taking lines of magnificence.

Tex Rickard was born in Kansas City, Mo., on January 2, 1871. His family were Illinois pioneers. His father was a millwright and moved to the Panhandle of Texas when the future promoter of prize-fights was a small child. At twelve years Tex found himself alone and cast on his own resources in the biggest State in the Union. More than that, he had a widowed mother, two brothers, and three sisters to support. He could ride and throw a rope like all Texas boys of twelve and up, and he turned to the universal calling of cow-punching.

Those were the days when cattle from Texas and Old Mexico were being trailed to Dodge City, Kan., for shipment East and to Indian reservations in the Northwest for sale to the Government. Tex took two trips along the north trail, with big herds that were sold in Montana. That is, they were sold if they came through the besetting items of thirst, storms, quicksands, and cattle-rustlers. To get an idea of the hardships and dangers of the great north trail from Texas in those days, one has only to read "The Log of a Cowboy," by Andy Adams, a truthful, straightforward, appealing account of a trip along the highway

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AUTHORIZED Buick SERVICE
Emblem of Satisfaction

BUICK

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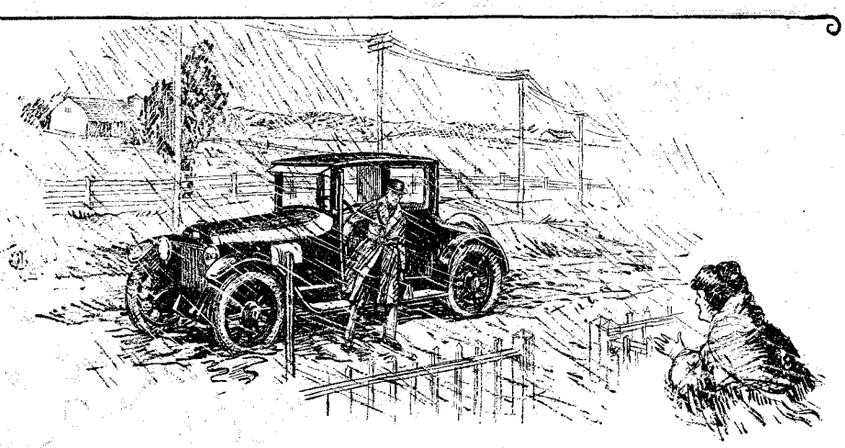


"I tell my friends there is no better car built"

New Series and Prices Effective June 1st, 1921

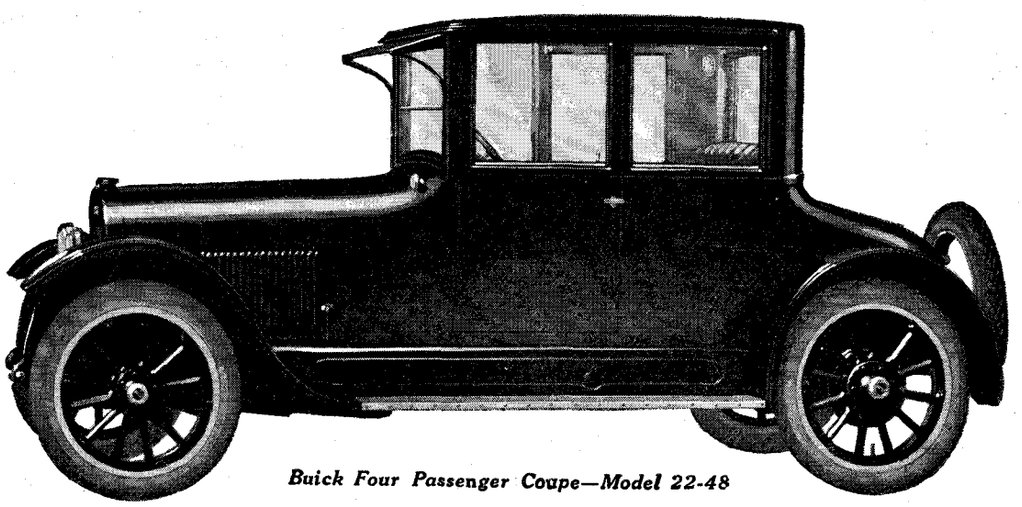
Model 22-44 Three Passenger Roadster	$1495
Model 22-45 Five Passenger Touring	1525
Model 22-46 Three Passenger Coupe	2135
Model 22-47 Five Passenger Sedan	2435
Model 22-48 Four Passenger Coupe	2325
Model 22-49 Seven Passenger Touring	1735
Model 22-50 Seven Passenger Sedan	2635

F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

Buick owners are Buick's best salesmen. This is readily understood when one considers that they are in the best position to know the unfailing dependability, power, and ruggedness of the Buick car. What Dr. A. C. Lindsley, of Mexico, N. Y., writes is a typical experience of Buick owners.

"I had my first Buick in 1903 and I have had many Buicks since, each better than the one before. Now, I have my ideal—the new model Forty-Eight, besides my Model H-Six-46 coupe. The new Forty-Eight is a wonderful car and is going stronger all the time. I tell my friends that there is no better car built."

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
Branches in Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere



Buick Four Passenger Coupe—Model 22-48

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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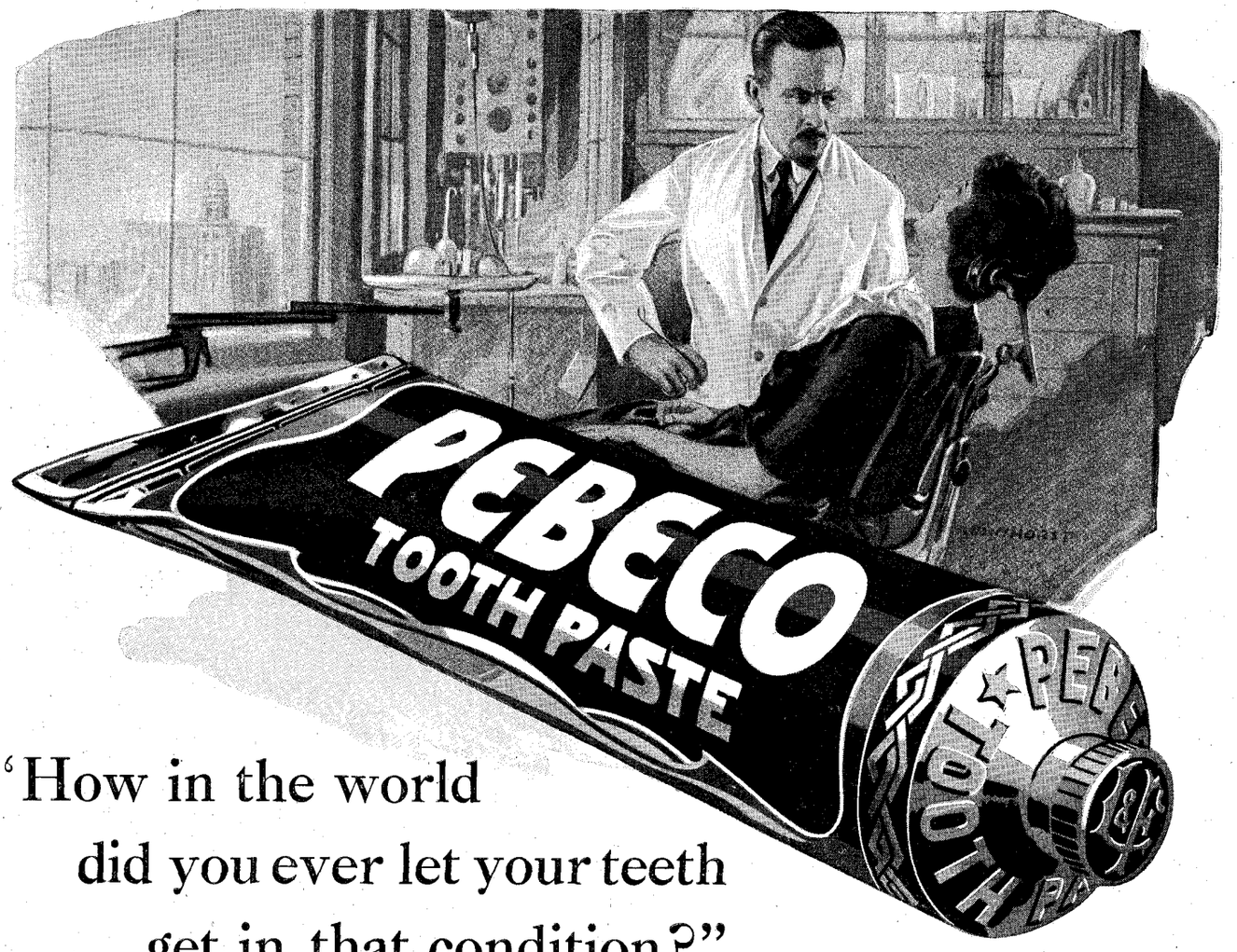


"How in the world did you ever let your teeth get in that condition?"

Dentists of today don't hesitate to express surprise when they find a patient with badly neglected teeth.

Surely enough has been said, and printed, and taught and advertised about the proper care of the teeth for almost every person to know something about the subject.

Users of Pebeco Tooth Paste know a little more, we think, than the average.

When a Pebeco user goes to the dentist, his teeth are not likely to be in a generally bad shape—unless the visit has been postponed too long.

Pebeco cleanses the teeth and tends to check decay by counteracting the condition known as "Acid-Mouth."

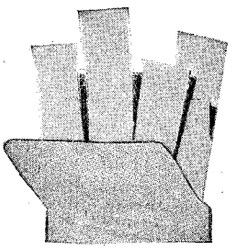
Its use induces a healthy alkaline flow of saliva that keeps the teeth and gums in a bright, firm condition.

Are your teeth protected against "Acid-Mouth"? A simple test will tell. Send for the test papers.

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Selling Agents for the United States and Canada
171 Madison Avenue, New York City 10 McCaul Street, Toronto

Also Makers of Lysol Disinfectant, Lysol Shaving Cream, and Lysol Toilet Soap



Have You "Acid-Mouth" ?

It Is Thought To Be the Chief Cause of Tooth Decay

These Test Papers Will Tell You—Sent Free With Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco

There are probably many causes that contribute to decay of the teeth, but dental authorities seem to agree that in the vast majority of cases decay results from over-acidity of the mouth. You can easily tell if you have "Acid-Mouth," and also see how Pebeco tends to counteract this tooth-destroying condition, by the simple and interesting experiment with the test papers, which we will gladly send to you upon request.

Moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth." Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth." Just send a post-card for Free Test Papers and 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco.

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of the beef steer, written by one who lived the life and remembered it with singular vividness.

In 1886 Rickard was with an outfit that wintered 13,000 head of cattle, in three herds, in Montana. When spring came, less than 1,000 had survived the blizzards. Tex drifted back to the State for which he had been nicknamed, and in 1892 the citizens of Henrietta, a brisk little town in the Panhandle, elected the youth marshal.

Two years later Rickard resigned and hit north for Alaska, lured by certain rumors of wealth to be won in the mining game. When the Klondike gold rush started, Rickard was at Circle City, 300 miles away. With the rest of the population of Circle City, Tex rushed to the gold-fields. He staked out claims from which he secured $50,000, tho that comparatively small amount was not secured until after months of hardship.

"I often look back and wonder how we went through the life on the trail," said Rickard the other day in his office in Madison Square Garden. "Many a time I have put a 100-pound pack on my back and started out through the snow. It was killing work, but we got through it somehow."

With the money from the sale of his Dawson interests—which developed more than $300,000 for the purchasers—Rickard opened a gambling-house, The Northern, in that hectic camp. For a while he was ahead of the game, but eventually he lost everything, because, as his friends put it, he ran a "square game." Among the men with whom he was thrown in contact was Rex Beach. They were both broke, and together they sawed wood at Rampart, in the winter of 1898, to supply the river steamers. In Rex Beach's book, "The Spoilers," Tex Rickard appears as the Bronco Kid, "the world's greatest fistic promoter." Later, Rickard drifted to Nome, and then to Goldfield, where he opened another Northern. He took part in the business affairs of the town, and it was to give the town a boost that he staged a prize-fight—his first. He tried to arrange a bout between McGovern and Britt, but his offer to McGovern's manager was treated as a joke and was never answered. The writer continues:

Rickard then got in touch with Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, whose sense of humor did not prove to be so exaggerated. It is true that it required a display of the $30,000 in newly minted gold pieces before the manager of Nelson conquered his lurking skepticism, but the fight was eventually arranged, Goldfield was advertised as it had never been advertised before, and the name of Tex Rickard began to creep into the great American household.

It is estimated that seven of the fights that Tex Rickard has promoted since that day have drawn more than $1,000,000. The Johnson-Jeffries fight, which he had to shift quickly from California to Nevada when an unexpected antiprize-fighting decision closed the former State to him, brought in a total of nearly $280,000. The Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo brought in $452,000, and the Willard-Moran fight in New York City was worth something over $150,000.

His success with the bout in Goldfield did not imbue Rickard with a sudden determination to make fight-promoting his business. He had done his trick for the good of Goldfield and it had proved a success, and he was willing to let it go at that. It was only after earnest solicitation that he promoted the bouts immediately succeeding that first affair, in which he was so much of a "tenderfoot" that he admits he was the most surprized man in the world when correspondents from newspapers in other cities began flocking to town and besieging the promoter for interviews.

Prize-fight-promoting, with all its attendant profits, has not caused Tex Rickard to forget his first love, the cattle business. He declares that there is no song pleasanter than the creak of saddle leather. But tho he is still in the cattle "game," it is not as a hired hand, as it was in the old days of the long trails out of Texas. Rickard is a partner in huge stock-raising enterprises in South America. He has a ranch in Paraguay, in a vast tract known as the Chaco. This ranch contains more than 4,000,000 acres, being almost as large as the State of New Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. Rickard have been all over it, camping just as Tex used to camp in the sagebrush in the West. Big financiers are the backers of this enormous project, and Tex Rickard is general manager. The Paraguayan Government has granted a concession for a meat-treating and chilling plant—part of a scheme for cheap and profitable handling of beef products close to the source of supply.

Probably a large share of Rickard's success is due to the fact that he is actually interested in any one who talks with him. He can turn away from his desk, piled high with letters containing thousands of dollars in checks, and indulge in reminiscence as whole-heartedly as if financial affairs of the moment were of no consequence. He is never hurried, never abrupt, and if anything ruffles his temper he seldom shows it in voice or manner. He is quiet-spoken, but is by no means reserved, especially among his friends of old days. He talks freely and is unreserved in the good judgments he passes upon men. The bad judgments he leaves to others. He shows little trace of the hardships he has gone through—hardships which he says he would hesitate to face again.

Such is the man who has come out of the West to achieve a feat in showmanship which more experienced men have declared impossible—the promotion of a single affair which will attract approximately a million dollars to the box-office. But, as one of his old-time intimates put it:

"They don't nickname 'em Tex out there if they are just ordinary hombreys."

THE NEW REPUBLIC OF RUSINIA, MOSTLY MADE IN AMERICA

SOMEWHERE EAST OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, but not as far east as the Bukovina, is a little peasant republic governed by an American born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Rusinia, for that is the name of this little known and yet unfamed country, is one of those states which jumped on the map when the Hapsburg monarchy fell to pieces. But it might still have been a dependency, or been swallowed up by another state, had not a vigorous young Pittsburgher done some energetic work at the Peace Conference in Paris and come away with something like a charter of liberty for his pocket edition of a republic. To be geographically explicit, Rusinia is surrounded by Galician Poland, the Ukraine, Roumania, Hungary, and Slovakia, which, it may be remarked, is a formidable list of neighbors for a little nation that has scarcely been weaned. For nearly a thousand years Rusinia was a province of Hungary; its people were peasants and children of the soil. In the wink of an eye the country was changed from a feudal community to a highly socialized, constitutional state. This, according to Lucian Swift Kirtland, in *Leslie's Weekly*, is how it happened:

About the middle eighties a certain Mr. Zatkovich was a notary in that area of Hungary which the people of Budapest called "Ruthenia." His position in life classed him with the *intelligentsia*, but he was not content with the possibilities which that position opened up for his children. His little son Gregory had just been born. If some old wife had prophesied that this son was to grow up to become the *de facto* creator and first ruler of a free and autonomous Rusinia, the notary might probably have had her confined for lunacy.

Whatever were the notary's thoughts, he took the best step to prepare his son for his fate. He emigrated to America, where he gave the boy a college education and a law-school training.

This son, Gregory Zatkovich, eventually hung out his shingle in Pittsburgh. He married an American girl and was keeping house and practising his profession like any number of million other men in America when the Great War broke out. His work had brought him somewhat prominently before the American Rusins, as he had been retained by the Greek Catholic Church of America on a protracted and important case, which he won before the Supreme Court.

Toward the end of the war when hope began to surge in the breasts of the submerged nationalities of Europe, an idea of a Rusin state began to gather some headway among the immigrants in Pittsburgh. The idea was more or less forced upon certain of the leaders by the throng. Perhaps the sincerity of these leaders was not to be doubted, but their earnestness was open to question. The possibility to them seemed too utterly remote to be taken seriously. The idea was one rather to be used for local political purposes in America for such length of time as it might be popular, and then it could be quietly forgotten.

When the time to cry enough had apparently arrived, the committee of leaders, instead of snuffing out the movement, once and for all, wished the job onto Zatkovich, who, it was thought, could administer an artistic finish. He could please the enthusiasts with some more nice talk if he wished. Then the idea would trail into nothingness and be forgotten.

But that was exactly what did not happen. Zatkovich took the job seriously. He was a believer in action, and with his credentials in his pocket he hopped on a train for Washington and knocked on the door of the State Department. He was next heard from in Paris, where amid the vociferous din of all

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"Talk all you want to about these big corporations—the Midland folks still know how to be friendly."

Remembrance Advertising

TRADE MARK

How a little touch of appreciation does warm a man's heart! How friendly he really is when you give him half a chance! And how much easier it is to hold him through friendliness than through argument!

Business is far more enjoyable, and more profitable, when warmed with Remembrance Advertising. Friendly customers make fewer complaints. They ignore competitors' claims. They come back time after time. And they bring others with them.

You cannot purchase this friendliness. But you can cultivate it. All it requires is a little more thoughtfulness in your relations with customers. And a little more tangible expression of gratitude toward them. The response is immediate—and hearty.

Brown & Bigelow have devoted twenty-five successful years to this service of increasing business friendliness. We have developed a great many effective methods of acknowledging appreciation. And have gained a rich experience in this matter of good will.

Our Remembrance Advertising specialties, of which the Redipoint Pencil here shown is an example, are widely varied in style and purpose. All are of high quality, careful workmanship, and tested appeal.

Write for our booklet, "Remembrance Advertising." It is filled with helpful suggestions, gathered during a long life spent in promoting business friendliness. It is sent free, without obligation, to any interested business executive.

Calendars—Engraved Holiday Greetings—Mailing Cards
Mission Leather Specialties—Metal and Celluloid Utilities

Brown & Bigelow—Saint Paul—Minnesota

Canadian Plant—Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

Sales Offices in all Principal Cities

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Europe's propaganda he unobtrusively sought the ear of Colonel House. The Colonel passed his memorandum up to the Big Four. The subject of Rusinia was never thrown into the popular maelstrom of argument in Paris. I do not know of a newspaper man at the Peace Conference who heard the name of Rusinia mentioned. Zatkovich was wise in his generation. While others screamed from the housetops demanding admission at the front portal, he slipt in by the side door.

I shall never forget my first meeting with Zatkovich. I was at dinner with an acquaintance. My friend hailed a tall, slender young man who came in, and asked him to sit at our table. At first sight he was obviously an American.

The talk drifted from one subject to another until it struck Rusinia. The tall young American seemed to know, and know confidently, a great deal about the mysterious little new state. I asked him if he had ever met the redoubtable Zatkovich, the Pittsburgh lawyer who had had the dramatic dream of detaching the Ruthene province from Magyaria and establishing an autonomous state under the shadow of the Carpathians, and then had had the punch to put his dream through. The young man laughed. I was sitting opposite the founder of the state, himself. And I had always imagined him to be a benevolent old gentleman with a long white beard!

Rusinia, we are told, owes its existence to the fact that Zatkovich was born with a political mind. He wets his political forefinger and tells from the way the wind is blowing when democracy goes best, and when the "high stuff" goes best. He uses the knowledge to further the interests of his republic. Probably he could be king, if he wished. But he sticks to his democratic desk and uses the "high stuff" only when it is necessary to put through his democratic ideals and the American policies he believes to be for the ultimate good of the country. He has tremendous capacity for work and an immense reserve of vitality. According to the writer:

Almost every state paper goes across his desk. He knows just which items of taxation are most likely to be acceptable and which irritating; he seems to know the qualifications of every man recommended for even the most insignificant office; above all, he brings an American wit to pass judgment upon all the political tricks wearing the mantle of innocence.

But more interesting than his duties at the Mansion House are the Sunday pilgrimages by the Governor to some corner of the state. I accompanied his entourage on such an excursion. The village is, of course, notified some days in advance, as the affair is a social-religious-political bit of pageantry. The peasants play the game by putting on their most gorgeous costumes and embroideries, and Zatkovich brings along the Chancellor and a military aid.

We started early in the morning. The sky was blue and the countryside was one charming picturesque view after another. The one-time military road was perfect. We covered about a hundred kilometers in a couple of hours, and finally drew up at the home of the village priest. The house

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was quaint and comfortable, and was surrounded by a most luxurious garden and orchard. The man himself was most interesting, an intelligent and cultivated gentleman. The peasants in all their brilliancy were gathered at the church, which was a stone's throw away.

Before we journeyed on to the church we were offered a second breakfast and the fortification of a glass of home-made "slivoritz." A Rusin can toss down a glass of this said distillation and keep on talking without a break in his voice or a tear in his eye. A few drops administered to a Bryan Democrat would revive free silver.

The old church was jammed to the last inch with standing and kneeling figures. We had the distinction of being given chairs behind the altar. The chanting of the service by the peasants—very Russian in its atmosphere—was extraordinarily effective from a purely artistic standpoint as well as from its example of simple devotion.

The church was on a hill. After the mass we went out to a grove which led down to the valley. For an hour the Governor spoke. I suppose it was an educative harangue. Afterward there was another half-hour of questioning from the peasants. When we at last walked back to the home of the priest we found another delegation waiting with questions and argument. After a long, elaborate midday feast prepared by the priest's family (of delicacies worthy of the attention of a Lucullus) still further delegations and committees came from the neighboring villages.

Thus is the new and autonomous state, now that it has been born, being reared into life. But what is its future? The Peace Conference placed the infant under the protection of Czecho-Slovakia. To guess with any accuracy the future of Rusinia would need the vision to guess the future of eastern Europe.

NOMADING ON OLD-TIME CIRCUS TRAILS

IN trunks stored on the top floor of the family home of "Governor" John F. Robinson, at the former winter quarters of his circus in the Little Miami country near Cincinnati, are receipted bills for each expenditure made during the circus season, beginning as far back as the late 1850's. There are stories, full of humor, or danger, or mere historical flavor, as the case may be, connected with a good many of those hundreds of thousands of old bills. Harry Barnet was publishing a series of articles in the Dearborn *Independent*, all about the early days of the nomadic Robinson circus, when the report of the death of the old "Governor," John F. Robinson, was carried over the country on press wires. "Robinson was perhaps the last survivor of the romantic age of the show business in America," says an editorial writer in the New York *Herald*. "From its headquarters at Cincinnati, soon after the Civil War, he took his circus, a small road enterprise, into the South and border States, and the unsettled condition and prejudices against the Northerner made this a hazardous venture. The showman's 'Hey, Rube!' was then a call to a battle of defense; the ring might become a rifle-pit, the animal-dens and property-wagons a barricade, and

Brain Workers should eat to think

The difference between a muddled brain, and one "clear as a bell" is often a question of food.

The cereal part of your morning or noon meal may profitably be

Grape-Nuts

with good milk or cream

"There's a Reason"

This wheat and malted barley food is rich in building and sustaining elements that are made easily digestible by many hours of processing and baking.

Grape-Nuts is ready to eat from the package, delightful in flavor, economical.

Sold by grocers everywhere

Made by Postum Cereal Company, *Inc.*
Battle Creek, Michigan.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

circus men and town rowdies frequently died in the fight." It is of these days that Mr. Barnet writes, quoting the old "Governor," who was, in turn, inspired by the memories surrounding those thousands of old bills. Beginning with the bills, Mr. Barnet writes:

It's a motley collection of information, but each scrap of paper in it holds a story to the "Governor." He knows the how and the why of the majority of these notations.

"We were the first big show to get into Texas," he said one afternoon when we were rummaging through the more aged of the trunks, and he came across a receipted hotel bill signed by the sheriff of a Texas county.

"That was very early in 1850," he continued, "and we stayed six months. We did a tremendous business. We were the talk of that country for years after that time.

"But the hotel-keepers tried to gouge us every once in a while. You know, in those days we didn't have a camp on the lot where we fed our people; everybody, including the workingmen, was put up at the little hotels.

"In the mornings, after the show had left the town, pa used to pay the bills, because he didn't know what they would be until everything belonging to the show had cleared out. This morning, he had some argument with the hotel proprietor about the amount of the bill. What it was about, now, I don't remember.

"We had a carryall that we rode in, my father, mother, younger brother, sister, and myself. I rode in front with my father, and

"We were sitting there waiting for pa to pay the bill and come out so we could start. All of a sudden he came out, rearing and tearing, and the landlord behind him. Pa jumped into the carryall, took up the reins, and slapped the horses on the back with them. They gave a jump, and we were off.

"Right in front of us was a little ditch, and the front wheels went down in it. As they came out of the ditch the back of the carryall flew up, and the king-bolt—there was no pin in it—came out of the fifth wheel, letting the whole thing fall down on the ground. The horses kept going, and pa went down the street hanging on to the reins, plowing up the dust and everything else in the sand. I went over the dashboard, and my mother, brother, and sister over on top of me.

"We all jumped up as quickly as we could, grabbed the body of the carryall, and lifted it up and out of the road. In the meantime pa got the team stopped, turned them around, and drove them back. There was nothing broken and we were not injured. Mother and I lifted the body of the vehicle, pushed the wheels and axle under it, and let it down. We hitched the team again—the whole occurrence didn't take more than a minute—and started down the street as fast as the horses could take us.

"We were about two or three miles out on the prairie when pa looked back and saw a cloud of dust. He surmised what it was and slowed up. Then three fellows caught up with us. One of them was the sheriff. They circled around us, and one fellow demanded of pa to stop and another one told him to surrender. Pa paid no attention to them, but kept the team trotting. Every time one of these fellows would reach from his horse and try to catch the reins, pa would tell him not to touch them, and he would jerk the reins out of reach.

"After a while they got tired of this and began to get braver.

"'If you fellows don't get away from here,' pa finally said, 'I'll kill the whole gang of you.

"'Elizabeth, give me that pistol,' he said, turning to mother.

"She had brought a bag of doughnuts with her, and she and my brother and sister were eating them. Pa grabbed the longest doughnut and brought it down as tho he was going to shoot the sheriff. The three fellows turned their horses around and galloped out of range. Then pa jumped out of the carryall and held the doughnut pistol on them for a while; then he motioned for them to come back. When they did he told them that he'd paid the hotel-keeper what he thought was right for what he gave us, and he wouldn't pay any more. But he did want a receipted bill for what he had paid. The sheriff receipted the bill, and this is the bill. Mother never had any appetite for doughnuts after that time."

The "Governor," says Mr. Barnet in an article which had just been put into type when the news of the death of the old circus man was received, prided himself on the fact that he had never done "a good many of the things that a good many people naturally think a circus-owner does" and had done "a good many things that most people think he never naturally does." For instance, he continued:

"I never saw a game of faro-bank. No man ever saw me in a gambling-house. I never gambled for anything more than a cigar. And I never have seen a professional game of baseball, nor have I attended more than two or three horse-races. And I never drank liquors, except a little wine, when I was a young fellow, altho liquors always were before me. Everybody with the show carried whisky, and I was always welcome to a drink of it. Pa often told me that I could take a drink whenever I wanted it. But I never did it. I saw too much of the effects of liquor-drinking. Liquor was no new thing to me; and it wasn't forbidden to us boys with the show. So I had no curiosity about it. But if pa had refused it to me, and had aroused my curiosity that way about it, I suppose I would have drunk it because I would have thought it the manly thing to do.

"And we were very strict about town people drinking, or bringing intoxicants to sell, on the lot. However, they did it whenever they got the chance to do it. And that practise was one of the things that we had to contend with in the old days—men would open regular saloons on the show lot, or near to it, on show days. It caused a lot of trouble because too many men got drunk and started 'hey rubes.' Finally, I issued an order that no liquors could be sold on the lot by any one; and when men started to sell on the streets, or any place very close to the lot, except in saloons, I always put a stop to the traffic by sending some of my best fighters there to clean out these places.

"So you can imagine my surprise one day, just after the Civil War, when a man drove a two-horse wagon on the lot in a small Indiana town. He had at least half a dozen barrels—not kegs, but barrels—of beer in the wagon, and he proposed to sell it to the crowds waiting for the big show to open. Well, I saw a whole tent full of trouble if these people drank that beer. They would get drunk and start a dozen fights that we would have to put a stop to, and maybe somebody would be hurt or killed.

"I went up to this man and told him that he couldn't sell that beer on my show lot.

"'Who says I can't?' he replied. 'I got a permit from the owner of this here show grounds to sell beer here, and whisky, too, if I want to, and a State and a town license. I don't reckon I need anything else to sell it.'

"He showed me the permits. I was helpless then, but from that day on I had a clause in my contracts for show lots giving me the privilege of ousting every liquor vender who tried to open a shop on my lot.

"Then it was up to me to get rid of this fellow in some other way. One of my men said he would do the job. He went up the street and got a big vial of croton-oil. Then he got some fellow who was in the confidence of this beer-seller to talk to him. Finally, this beer man asked the town fellow to watch the beer while he unhitched and unharnessed his horses and tied them to a wagon-wheel. While he was doing that my man went to each barrel and put enough croton-oil in it to give character to the beer.

"When the beer man came back he invited everybody to have a drink with him as a starter for his business. He was a big, jovial sort of fellow, anyhow, and a lot of these people did drink with him. A lot of my men went up, but they took the beer and only pretended to drink it. Of course nobody else knew about the trick, and the country people were ignorant of what had taken place. Well, there was no more beer sold out of that wagon that day."

Throughout his life, concludes the interviewer, "'Governor' Robinson has been a retiring man":

He spent his life building up the circus and in doing things that he thought would please his family. One Christmas his daughter and some of her school chums came home to spend the holidays. The family carriage met them at the railroad station in Cincinnati, on orders from the "Governor," altho the winter quarters is a flag stop for trains at the wagon-road crossing that is at the foot of the bluff on which the family home is built. About a mile from the family home, on the road from Cincinnati, the pike hugs the foot of an enormous hill. As it nears the Robinson home the pike plunges into a small forest, approaches the entrance to the home through a deep cut, and leads in a winding fashion to the front portico.

As the carriage neared the winter quarters, about a mile from the home, a brass band of fifty men stepped before it in the road. Of course the carriage was stopped, and the band played a joyful bit of music. At the first note men stationed twenty feet apart along both sides of the road, the lines extending to the portico, lighted great flares and held them aloft. Each man was arrayed in a spangled costume of the circus. Then the band lined up in parade formation and played march after march as it led the "Governor's" daughter and her friends, riding in state, through the lane of flaming torches to the door of the "Governor's" home. The house was a blaze of glory—such a blaze as only the "Governor's" circus sense could devise.

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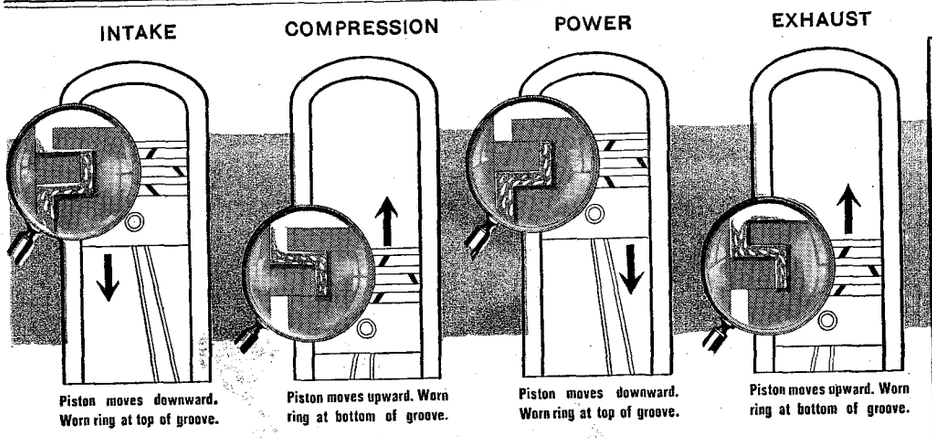
INTAKE
COMPRESSION
POWER
EXHAUST
Piston moves downward. Worn ring at top of groove.
Piston moves upward. Worn ring at bottom of groove.
Piston moves downward. Worn ring at top of groove.
Piston moves upward. Worn ring at bottom of groove.

NO

Heavier Oil can never replace metal worn away

YOU are sometimes advised: "As your automobile engine becomes worn use a heavier oil." Heavier oil, some people will tell you, provides a better seal for clearances enlarged through wear.

But first consider these facts:

WORN RINGS cause Carbon Deposits

Worn piston rings move perceptibly upward on the down stroke of the piston; the oil accumulates under and behind the rings. Then as the piston moves upward the rings move to the bottom of the recess, forcing the oil by the rings. This is sometimes termed "oil pumping." The oil ultimately reaches the combustion chamber causing carbon deposit.

As your car grows older, metal is worn away by the wear between moving surfaces. Will heavier oil replace this lost metal? NO.

The oiling system of your engine was designed specifically to circulate lubricating oil of a certain body. Will this oiling system—pump, screen, oil pipes, etc.—distribute as effectively a heavier oil? NO.

Any oil, whether heavy or light, when used in worn engines will work past the pistons and piston rings and enter the combustion chambers, forming carbon. The heavier the oil, the more aggravated will usually be the carbon deposit.

What are the wise and only proper measures to take when your engine is badly worn? Obviously, have the bearings adjusted, have new pistons and piston rings fitted, and *continue to use the correct grade of oil for which your engine and oiling system were designed.*

This whole subject of engine wear and heavier oils is dealt with in our folder, "Lubrication—Its Relation to Engine Wear." Rather than invite additional repairs and trouble through the use of too heavy oil, it will pay you to write to our nearest Branch for a copy of this paper.

* * *

THE CORRECT OIL for your car—during its entire life—is specified by the Gargoyle Mobiloils Chart of Recommendations.

If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here, consult the complete Chart at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for all automobiles, tractors and motorcycles.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: New York (*Main Office*) Philadelphia Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City, Kan. Boston Pittsburgh Chicago Indianapolis Des Moines Buffalo Dallas

Chart of Recommendations

(*Abbreviated Edition*)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations *should be followed during* the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919		1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
American Beauty	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models							A	A	Arc	Arc
Bell (York, Pa.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Biddle			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Brewster	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Brisco	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (8 cyl.)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 490)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Collier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Crawford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cunningham		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dart (1 ton)			A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc								
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Davis	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Erie (Erie, Pa.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Con'l) (Model 12)					A	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Hanson Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Harroun			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hoffer (6 cyl.)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	A	A	B	A						
Hudson Super Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Herlburt (3½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Indiana (1 ton)					A	Arc				
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (3 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jones			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Keystone	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
LaFayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A						
Lexington (Continental Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A								
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
McFarlan	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Madison (6 cyl.)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)									A	A
Mailohen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
M. H. M	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (Model 671)							A	A		
" (Commercial) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (1 ton and 2 ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl.)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Noble	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Numa	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Old Hickory	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oneida (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc				
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oshkosh	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Parker	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
Petersen	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pilsiana	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Con'l) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " All Other Models	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Porter	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rainier (1½ ton)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" (3½ ton)	A	A								
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
ReVere	A	A	A	A	A	Arc				
R & V Knight	B	A	B	A						
Sanford (5 ton)	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Saxon	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Signal (Model R)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Singer			A	A	A	A			A	A
Standard Commercial (Detroit)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Sterling	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sturz	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Waed LaFrance	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
White (16 valve)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" (3 and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Wilson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Prominent Makes of Engines

Beaver (Models J-JA-JB and JC)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buda (Models ATU-BTU-CTU-DTU-ETU-FTU-GTU-HTU-ITU-XU-XTU-YU-YTU	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buda All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Continental (Model B2)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model T)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G. B. & S. (Model AA)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Herschell-Spillman (Models JU-S-V and VA)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lycoming (Model 102)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Northway (Model 108)									Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rochester (Duesenberg)	A	A	A	A						
Waukesha (Models CU-DU-EU & FU)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Weidely	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin (Models Q & QU)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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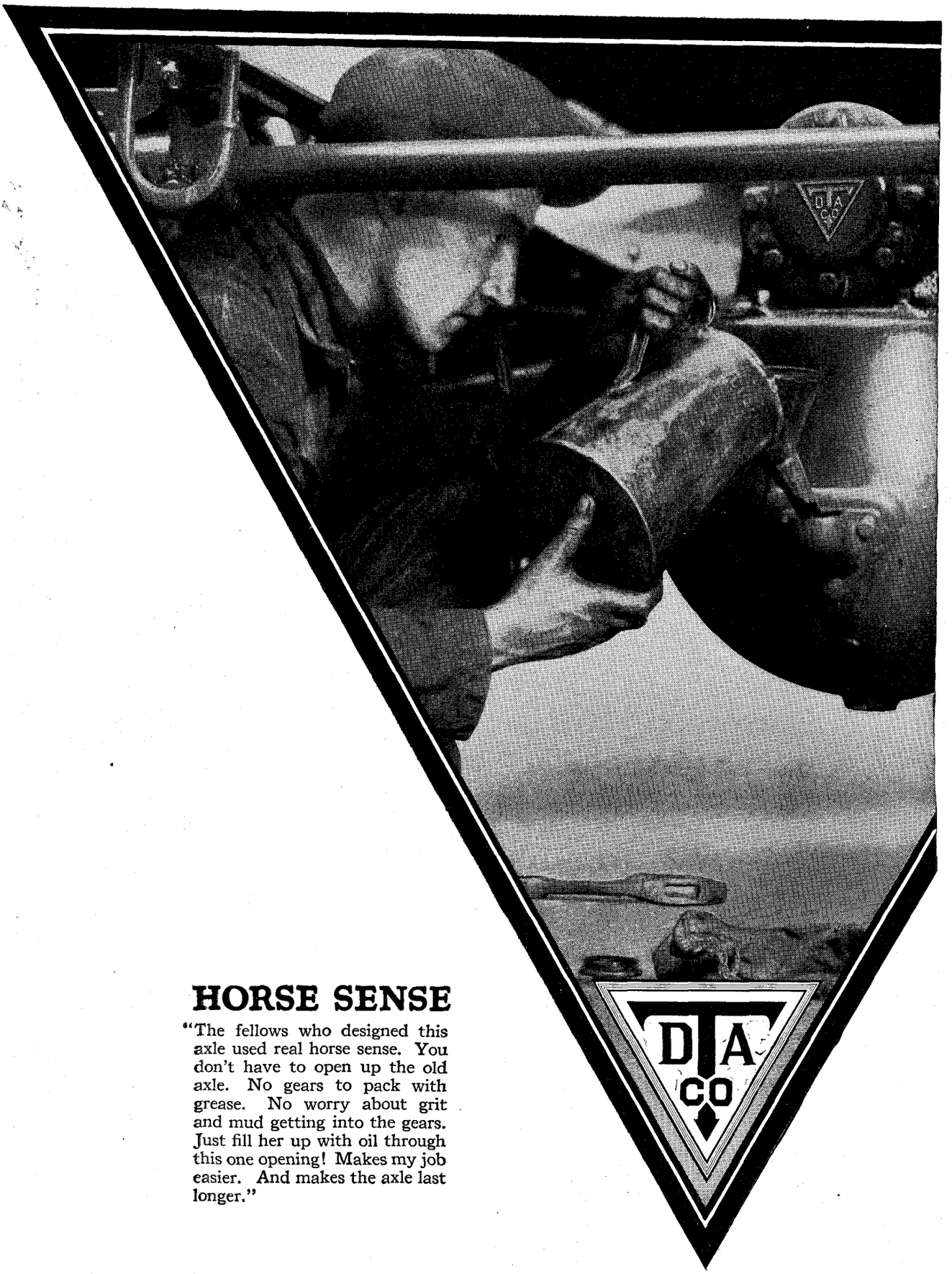

HORSE SENSE

"The fellows who designed this axle used real horse sense. You don't have to open up the old axle. No gears to pack with grease. No worry about grit and mud getting into the gears. Just fill her up with oil through this one opening! Makes my job easier. And makes the axle last longer."

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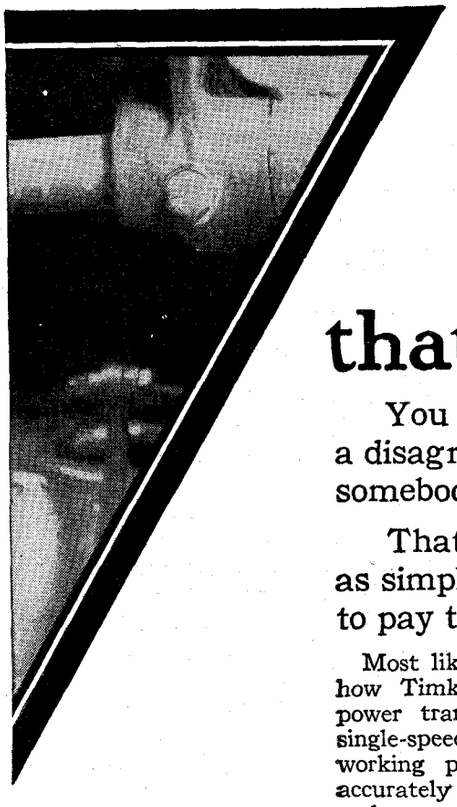

Why—

that's all he needs to do

You know as well as we do that the harder you make a disagreeable job, the more apt it is to be slighted—and somebody has a bill to pay.

That's why Timken made the lubrication of the axle as simple and easy as possible—so that you wouldn't have to pay that bill.

Most likely you've never considered how Timken Worm Drive simplified power transmission by introducing a single-speed reduction, with few, simple working parts. Or how the strong, accurately formed teeth of the worm and gear, held in perfect mesh, make smooth and noiseless operation a year-in, year-out certainty.

It is even harder for you to realize that a lot of other things you don't see had to be put inside that housing, or it would not have been safe to leave just one little opening for lubrication.

These are little things that add to safety, strength and long life—each important but hardly noticeable except to the trained eye—such as the splining of the differential to the worm gear to insure a more uniform distribution of the stresses that come on the differential than is possible with bolting.

All these and many other details make successful and efficient operation so sure that the whole worm-gear unit can be enclosed in a dirt-proof and oil-tight housing, and left there—in many cases for a hundred thousand miles or more.

And back of all this are many other important Timken features that you couldn't see even if you could look through that housing.

The eighteen years of specializing on one class of product—axles for every type of passenger car and truck—continually testing, planning, experimenting—taking advantage of every bit of experience that permitted improvement in any particular, however small—

The combined knowledge and ingenuity of axle specialists, engineers, designers, factory foremen and factory forces, all imbued with the Timken spirit, the determination to build the best axles it is possible to make—

And the careful engineering of the axle into the particular make of truck—

The vision that insists on margins of safety throughout that will successfully withstand the unexpected shock and strain—

The careful selection and testing of all materials, the thousands of operations performed with unerring accuracy by the most modern machinery, the painstaking inspections — millions of them in a year—

And supplementing all these, Timken Service—active co-operation with truck builder, truck dealer and truck owner in the installation and operation of Timken Axles to insure maximum performance and satisfa tion.

All these things were necessary before that simple, positive, direct lubrication could become possible.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TIMKEN AXLES

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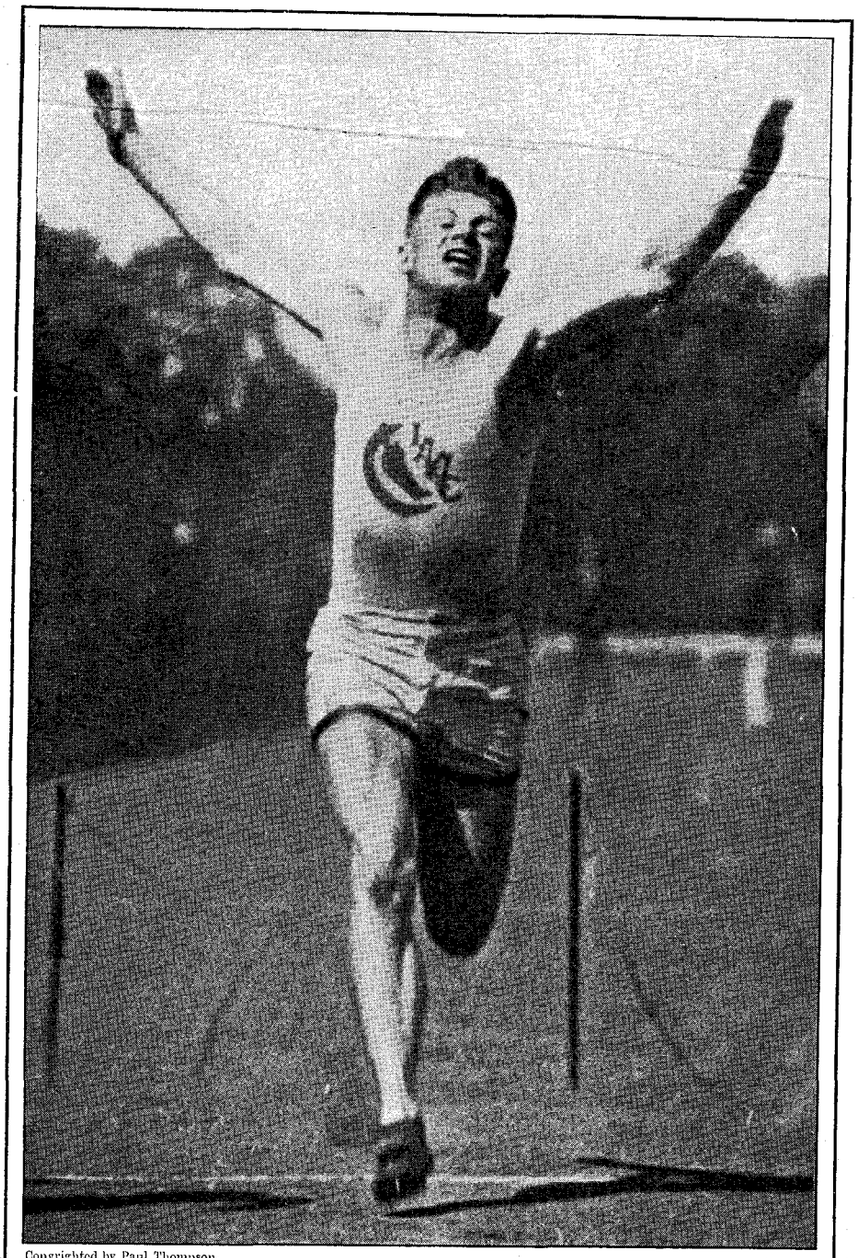
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

THE WORLD'S FASTEST SPRINTER—FROM CALIFORNIA

CHARLES W. PADDOCK, of the University of Southern California, is the fastest human being in the world, judging from the latest records, and—if his trainer is a true prophet—he is destined to become faster. In one afternoon he smashed four world records, and might have smashed more had they not called it a day and enough done. He clipt a fifth of a second from Don Lippincott's time for the 100 meters, a mark that had stood for nine years; he lowered by two-fifths of a second the time for the 200 meters, established as a world mark seventeen years ago by Archie Hahn; by an equally fleeting space he lessened the time for 300 yards, which had stood for a quarter of a century since Bernie Wefers covered the distance in 30⅗ seconds, and he knocked two seconds from the record for 300 meters made by a French runner in 1908 and a Hungarian in 1913. Then he drest and went home. New York runners, trainers, and experts on athletic lore were skeptical, but stop-watches were used on Paddock's running time, and the day's work is vouched for by those present. According to the report in the Sacramento *Bee*, Paddock's time for 100 meters was 10⅘; 200 meters, 21⅕; 300 yards, 30⅕; 300 meters, 33⅘ seconds. He ran 100 yards in 9⅗ seconds, tieing the world's record, and 220 yards in 21⅕ seconds. Dean Cromwell, track coach of the university from which the human comet hails, declares that the limit of human capacity for the 100 yards has not been reached. The main difficulty in the 100-yard dash is getting the start, and if Paddock succeeds in starting off quicker, he may clip a bit more from his present time. The trotting-horse or pacer has been assisted in lowering turf records by improvement in the design of the racing gear and in track construction, but, as the Providence *Journal* points out—



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THE FASTEST RUNNER OF ALL TIME.

At least competent critics say that history never produced a champion capable of the speed shown by Charles W. Paddock, of the University of Southern California, who broke four world records in one afternoon. He can move at approximately twenty miles an hour for distances varying between a hundred yards and half a mile.

> The evolution of the human racer has been almost exclusively a matter of training. Fractions of a second were gained when the pistol-shot displaced the dropping of a handkerchief as the starting signal—it is demonstrable that muscles react more quickly to sound than to sight—and when the crouching start was authorized. But the winning of the next fifth of a second for the 100 yards must depend entirely on the art of improving the human mechanism.
>
> Sprinters at longer distances may cover an included 100 yards at a speed faster than the record. The coach who is anticipating the breaking of the century mark has found that Paddock in one of his 220-yard dashes, ran one stretch of 100 yards in 9⅘ seconds, and in the tremendous burst of speed at the end did 10 yards at the amazing rate of 8 seconds. It is the careful study of such figures that convinces him that some day the sprinter will be able to get away and work up speed enough within the short dash to establish a new record for it.

Charlie Paddock is a small man compared with the ancient Greek runners who were the speed demons of their day, writes Robert Edgren in the Chicago *Tribune*, but he is built for speed. And, continues the writer—

> Like all successful sprinters, Paddock is very sturdy. He is of moderate height, but deep-chested, broad-shouldered, with good arms, a strong neck, and exceptionally thick and muscular legs. He lives in Pasadena, studies at the University of Southern California, in Los Angeles, goes back and forth between his home and college in a car that he always drives himself, and spends just about the average amount of time in athletic training. He is a bundle of nerves. Charlie is a smiling, pleasant fellow, always

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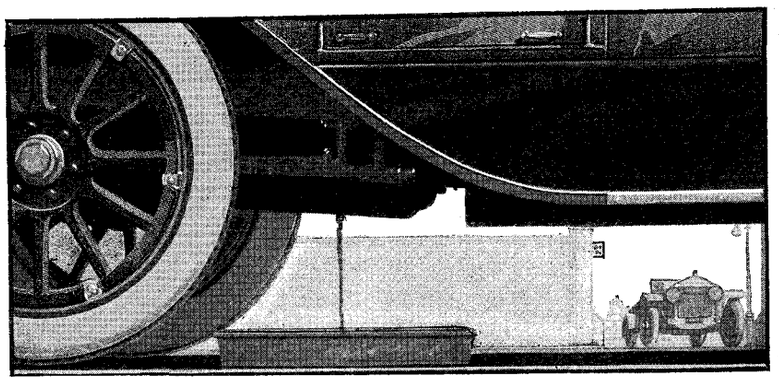

The Burning Test

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Drain, clean and fill your crankcase with Sunoco Motor Oil

The maker of your car warns you to have the old contaminated oil cleaned out of your crankcase every 500 to 800 miles without fail.

He knows that oil is vastly cheaper than mechanical repairs—that dirty, thinned-out oil will damage your engine and reduce its power quicker than any other one thing.

Give your engine a fresh start. Have the old oil removed, the crankcase thoroughly cleaned, and the reservoir refilled with Sunoco Motor Oil—the oil that eliminates carbon troubles.

Sunoco is a wholly-distilled, non-compounded oil, as "The Burning Test" above proves. It is made in six distinct types to exactly meet the lubricating requirements of your car and every other car.

Having a higher viscosity (body), type for type, than other oils, it insures a perfect piston ring seal—winter or summer. This means clean, compression-tight cylinders and valves—maximum engine power—no gasoline leakage—freedom from repairs.

The high quality and scientific accuracy of Sunoco are guaranteed by the Sun Company—one of the world's largest makers of quality lubricants. We control every drop of Sunoco from the time it leaves the ground until ready for the market.

The "Sunoco Lubrication Guide" tells you at a glance the Sunoco type adapted for your particular car. If your dealer is not yet handling Sunoco, send us his name and address and we will send you a copy of this guide free.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

in good humor, yet under the surface he is always at high tension before a race, even while in training.

He is as volatile as a Frenchman, exuberant one moment and thoughtful the next. A "hunch" has him dancing all over the place. He believes in "hunches." When he started for the last Olympic his trainer told me:

"It's all right—Charlie will win sure. He told his father he has a 'hunch' he'll win, and nothing in the world can beat him. When he ran against Kirksey last spring at Stanford he had a 'hunch' he ought to go up a day ahead of the team. I sent him. I knew if he didn't go he'd spend the day worrying over not following his 'hunch,' and he'd be on edge and might not run his best. He went when he wanted to, and ran a record race."

Whenever Paddock goes on the track he raps his knuckles against a piece of wood. Whether he does it to offset any possible hoodoo, or for a joke, no one knows, but as soon as he "knocks wood" he steps to the starting-line with a clear mind.

Paddock is steady on the mark, and until this year he never has been a very fast starter. He has always depended upon swinging deliberately into his stride and then gradually increasing his speed all the way to the tape. Bernard J. Wefers, the N. Y. A. C. coach and former record-holder, told Paddock that if he would get away faster he'd break all sprinting records with ease, and taught him how to leave the mark in a nearly erect position instead of a low crouch and get into a full stride at the first leap. He also taught Paddock how to use the swing of his arms. These details may have added the trifle of speed needed to send Charlie over the sprint courses in new world's-record time.

From the old marble starting and finishing posts in the great stadiums at Olympia and Athens we know something about the distances run in the Olympiads, but, of course, there was no record of time, so we can not compare the speed of the ancients with that of our modern sprinting champions. But if any of the ancients traveled as fast on their bare feet as Charlie Paddock goes on his feather-weight spikes they were "going some."

As for Charles, if he goes much faster they'll have to time him with an electric spark, the way they record the velocity of a bullet.

The Chicago *Daily News* thus congratulates the California flier, and adds some interesting comparisons between the athletic abilities of man and of the lower animals:

Paddock, Californian, is, so far as the records show, the fastest of human beings. His ability, recently demonstrated, to run 220 yards two-fifths of a second faster than any other man has done it, puts him well beyond the designed speed of the ordinary human being. For twenty-five years that record hung just beyond the reach of thousands of ambitious youths with fast legs. Then came Paddock, and the record fell. By other fractions of a second Paddock has broken the 100-, 200-, and 300-meter and the 300-yard records. He has tied the 100-yard record. Worked out, man's speed record as established by Paddock is at the rate of about 20

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miles an hour for a score of seconds or less. After that man moves more slowly.

Fortunately for his self-complacency, man does not often compete with the other representatives of the animal kingdom. In tests made recently on a smooth table-land in Utah an elk went 3 miles at the rate of 52 miles an hour, then dropt to 29 miles an hour. A coyote went more than 2 miles at the rate of 45 miles an hour, then reduced his speed to 30 miles for an indefinite period. An antelope went more than 2 miles at the rate of 62 miles an hour. Compared with these creatures man is not much of a speed machine.

But as an all-round athlete, disregarding entirely the brain factor, man still has a chance. Tho he can not run as fast as an antelope, he can climb a tree. Tho he can not swim as well as a herring, he can lift a greater weight. More than any other animal, man has learned to apply his muscles to a diversified environment. In total points he ranks among the best. In short, he is the physical as well as the mental ruler of the animal kingdom.

THE BABE-RUTH EPIDEMIC IN BASEBALL

THREE years ago home runs had declined to the lowest point, both in the number made and in the estimation of baseball fans, recorded in the past decade. "Batting science" was the watchword both of those who coached from the sidelines and those who howled from the bleachers, and the spectacular home run did not appeal. Then came Babe Ruth, the same who is now going stronger than ever, and "overthrew the whole system of batting science" in favor of a "brand-new system of his own." The home-run epidemic might better be called the Babe-Ruth epidemic, for the habit began with the so-called and so-much-admired "Bambino." This is the moral which F. C. Lane, one of the *Baseball Magazine's* experts of the diamond, draws from the present "mad scramble for circuit clouts." The career of Babe Ruth well illustrates the power of a dominating personality, says Mr. Lane:

Most of us plod along and seem to exert little influence on the scheme of things. But now and again a superman arises in the domain of politics or finance or science and plays havoc with kingdoms or fortunes or established theories. Such a superman in a narrow but none-the-less obvious field is Babe Ruth. The big bat-wielder might not make much impression in the fine arts or classical literature. Doubtless, Thomas Edison, applying his celebrated questionnaire test, would label Babe as "amazingly ignorant." Nevertheless, in his own particular field Babe is a true superman.

The influence of the redoubtable slugger has made a lasting impression on the records. And by this we do not refer to the individual records he has hung up, however marvelous they may be. To get a true vision of Babe's influence on the sport he has come so thoroughly to dominate, we must search below mere surface indications. And the deeper we search the more impressive grows the evidence of Babe's masterful presence.

The geologist in examining strata of slate or sandstone will trace the faint but unmistakable footprints of some prehistoric monster. Ten thousand centuries may

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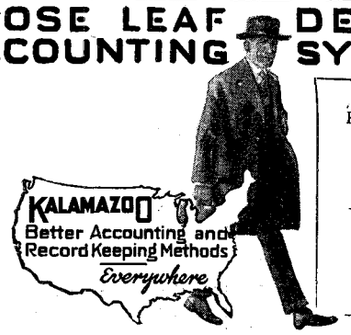

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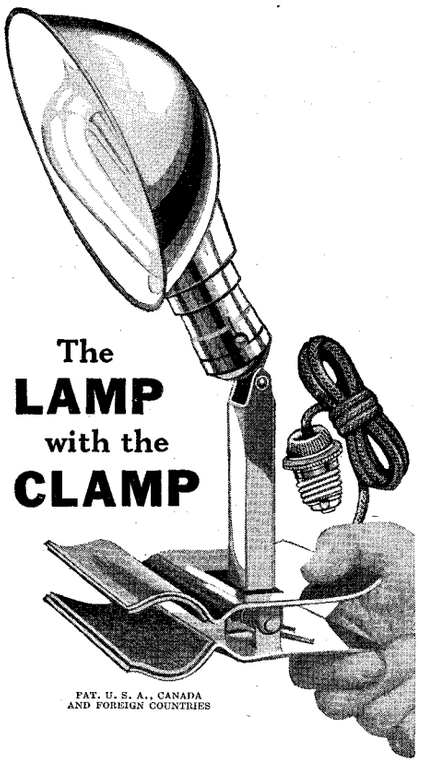

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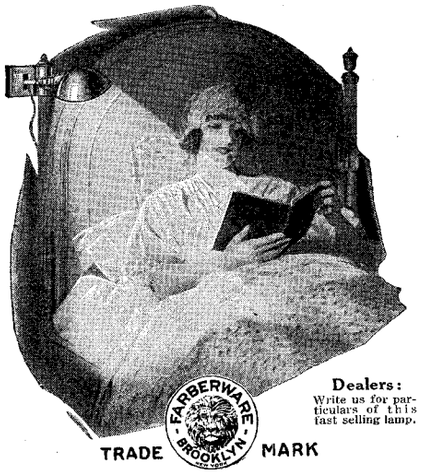

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

have passed since that lumbering creature of a remote age left that footprint, but there it is in enduring stone for those whose eye is trained to see it. The baseball records offer to the statistician a field as interesting and extensive as the hundred varieties of rock strata are to the geologist. In those records the impressions left by individual players are indelibly recorded. Only one must have an eye to see those things and to draw from them their logical conclusions.

We shall not delve very deeply into the musty recesses of the dope. A ten-year period will suffice for our purpose. Let us trace the history of the Major-League home run for the past ten seasons and see if we can explain its variations.

Ten years ago, in the season of 1911, the two Major Leagues taken collectively made 507 home runs. The following season that number had slumped to 433. One year later the total rose a trifle (the course of an underlying tendency is never smooth). It rose temporarily, however, only to slump to still greater depths the following season. In 1915, after the passage of five years, the number of home runs hit in the Major Leagues had declined from 507 to 384. One year later saw a further decline, slight, to be sure, but a decline nevertheless. Another season yet and the home-run total had slumped to 335. The next year we notice a surprizing falling off, surprizing until we reflect that 1918 saw baseball eclipsed by the world-war. That season, curtailed by Secretary Baker's historic decree, could hardly be expected to furnish its due quota of home runs or anything else pertaining to baseball. Consequently it marked the lowest level of the home-run plane, which stood at 235.

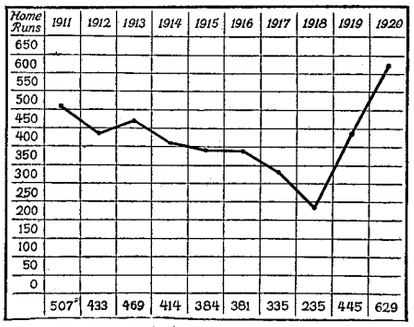
Grant that 1918 was an exceptional year. Admit that the evidence of that particular season must be viewed with suspicion. We are nevertheless confronted with the fact that for several seasons the total of home runs made in the Major circuits had steadily declined. What caused the decline?

The answer to that question seems clear enough. Baseball, year by year, had grown more scientific, more a thing of accepted rules, of set routine.

This slow evolution of the sport, says the writer, displayed itself, in batting, "in the form of the bunt, the place-hit, and other manifestations of skill." Ty Cobb, we are told, perhaps had as much to do with this batting evolution as any one man. "Ty taught the world the supreme value of place-hitting." But then came Babe Ruth, and now, the writer goes on, "We do say, and the records bear us out, that almost any batter that has it in him to wallop the ball is swinging from the handle of the bat with every ounce of strength that nature placed in his wrists and shoulders." Mr. Ruth, it appears, has done more than upset the home-run record:

He has also upset the long-established order in batting circles. He has batted home runs at so dizzy a pace that he has fired the enthusiasm of the entire country. He has not only slugged his way to fame, but he has got everybody else doing it. The home-run fever is in the air. It is infectious. There is a disposition on the part of the managers not to hold their men back, but rather to encourage them. Every manager of the sixteen Big-League clubs devoutly hopes that some of his players will develop a home-run talent faintly reflecting Babe Ruth's unchallenged prowess. Every owner of the sixteen Big-League clubs unites with his manager in the prayer that somehow, somewhere, he can dig up a player who can remotely parallel Babe Ruth. Babe has not only smashed all records, he has smashed the long-accepted system of things in the batting world, and on the ruins of that system he has erected another system, or rather lack of system, whose dominant quality is brute force.

Home runs are not hit by carefully drilling the ball through a hole in the infield. They are hit by banging the ball over the fence, or, at least, over the outfielders' heads. In this there is a certain science, to be sure, but there is still more brute



BABE RUTH'S HECTIC EFFECT ON HOME-RUN BATTING.

The heavy line indicates how the home-run total in the two big leagues slumped consistently from 1911 to 1918 and then shot up all at once in the past two years. The figures at the top indicate the past ten seasons. The figures at the bottom show the number of home runs scored in each season

strength. Reverting to the time-worn proverb, it is essentially a "Triumph of brawn over brain."

Does Babe's advent into baseball herald a new era of development? We can not say. For a time, at least, the old order of things is in complete eclipse. The home-run total in the two Big Leagues has increased enormously in the past two seasons. It bears every indication of rising to new heights in the present season. Already far more home runs have been scored in the Major Leagues this year than were scored at the same time last season. Babe himself, as we go to press, is considerably ahead of his last year's record up to date, and what is even more surprizing he has encountered the strongest kind of opposition, a formidable antagonist in the person of George Kelly, of the Giants, who actually led Babe Ruth in number of home runs made well into the month of May. From every ball park on the circuits there comes the crash of bat on ball and a tumult of applause as the whirling sphere clears the fences or lodges in the stand. We are in for a true carnival of true home-run hitting, which evidently has not yet reached its peak.

Skeptics may doubt the influence of Ruth in all this. They may claim that part at least of the surprizing revival of the homer is due to the passing of freak deliveries and the advent of a livelier ball. Freak deliveries, however, do not influence home runs any more than they influence singles. If the abolishment of these deliveries was the cause, all kinds of batting would have increased no less than the

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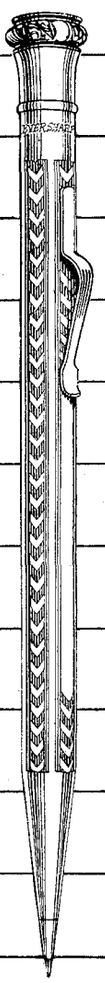

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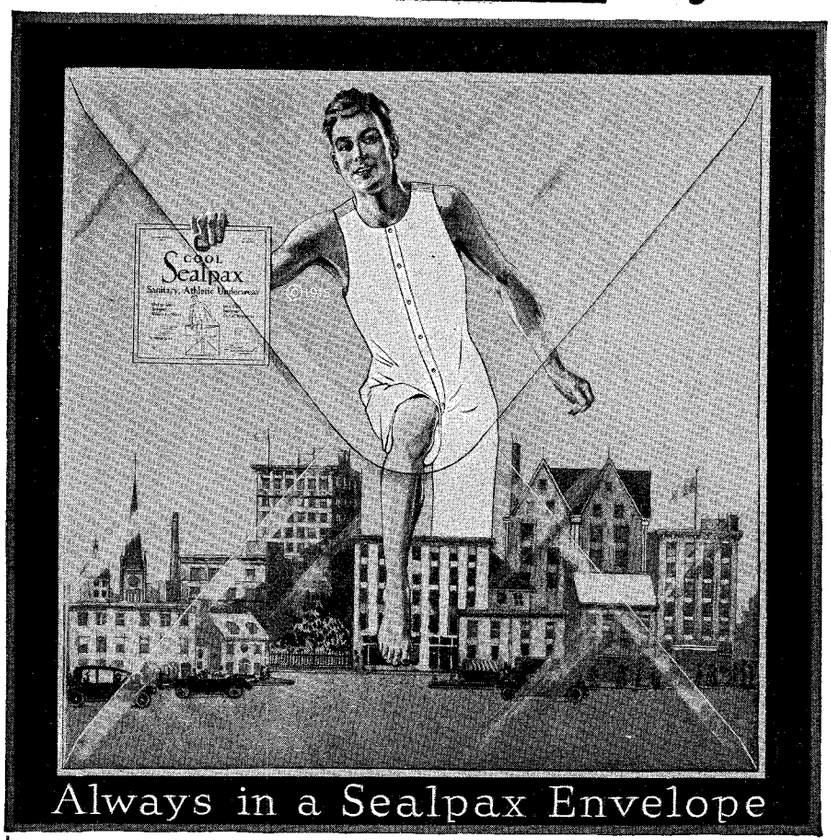

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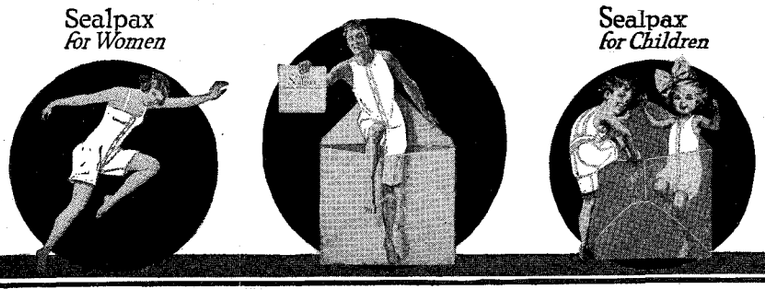

Sealpax *for Children*

home run. True, batting has improved somewhat, but the progress made in other types of hits is as nothing compared with the tremendous advance in homers.

The livelier ball may have influenced the situation to some extent. But the livelier ball is a thing so elusive that it offers the scantiest evidence. For example, the manufacturers claim that the ball in use last year was no livelier than the ball employed some seasons ago. The manufacturers ought to know what they are talking about, and we can see no reason why they should deceive the public on this point. Anyway, a livelier ball would improve all types of batting quite as much as the home run, and that result we have already seen has not followed.

We are irresistibly impelled, therefore, to see in Babe Ruth the true cause for the amazing advance in home runs. He it is who has taught the managers the supreme value of apparently unscientific methods. Babe Ruth is the true Home-Run King in a larger sense than is commonly understood. For he has taken the place-hit from its pedestal as the batter's universal model and has set up in its place the home run.

AMERICANS AS READERS OF THE SPORTING PAGE

UNDOUBTEDLY there are Americans —a few of them, at least—to whom the Department of Sports in the daily newspaper is a closed book. So admits an editorial writer taking thought, in the Indianapolis *Star*, upon the large part that open-air and athletic amusements take in the interests of the average citizen. Sports, by and large, form "a clean and healthful element" in the lives of Americans big and little, old and young, concludes the writer, "and the vast majority of Americans are fond of sport of one kind or another." He thus reviews the national situation from the view-point of a man in Indiana:

Look at the perennial interest in baseball! It is likely that most red-blooded American men have themselves played baseball in their boyhood, if not later, but whether their interest in the game began in youth or not, they have acquired it and flocked in enthusiastic crowds to the competitive contests when the season opens, their ardor not abating until the last game of the year has been played. If their home team comes out a winner, few things can give them such joy; but merely to have witnessed the games has made life worth living for that summer.

Horse-races, too, have a fascination for the average American that never dies. The number of Indianians who have business in Kentucky when races are scheduled in that horse-loving State is known to be very large, and it is understood that few of the visitors miss the races; but statistics are not available, perhaps because staid brethren do not always mention their destination lest it be cruelly suspected that their interest in the contest is not alone due to the excitement of the spectacle.

The automobile-races, too! What greater interest exists in any sport than in the annual contests at the Indianapolis Speedway? To see that thrilling, sweeping rush

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of machines like live creatures over a track, men and women come from every State in the Union; they take their chances of finding a place to lay their heads at night in the crowded city and the reasonable certainty of meeting with various inconveniences; but they come, year after year. For six hours or more they watch the progress of the race and do not know that they are weary until all is over, so great is their absorption in the scene before them.

Pending, too, is another athletic contest, the fight between Dempsey and Carpentier, on which popular attention will be centered next. Fastidious people who think of it with a shudder will nevertheless have their preferences between the fighters, but already many thousand tickets at high prices have been sold for that event to those who regard attendance at the affair as one of the desirable experiences of a lifetime. To objections of the critical that it is a brutal performance, they reply that it is the manly art of self-defense, or at least of physical prowess, carried to its highest scientific degree. They even go so far as to say that it is "educational" and not to be missed on that account. They need go no further than the truth—namely, that the natural man loves a fight and admires a fighter.

There are other sports which attract their followers to the sports page—football, rowing, tennis, the basket-ball of the youngsters, and the unexciting golf of the elders, but it is the contest involving the greatest skill and strength that attracts the multitude. All this interest is wholesome, too. Men are the better for it; it is a clean and healthful element in their lives.

"HIT HIM IN THE SLATS"

WHILE the American public, with some reservations, takes notice of the forthcoming encounter between Messrs. Dempsey and Carpentier, the New York *Morning Telegraph* calls attention to the recognition that the fight, and boxing in general, has received in other quarters. The French Government has officially recognized the coming "international boxing contest." An Under-Secretary of Public Instruction, who has supervision of athletic affairs in the State schools, has been directed by the department of which he is an official to attend the bout with a view to making a report. The New York *Tribune*, with passing mention of Bernard Shaw's announcement that "the world now waits breathless" for the battle at Jersey City on July 2, presents Mr. Dooley's famous comment on the "outhrajous affray," when James J. Corbett fought Robert Fitzsimmons at Carson City back in the nineties. Not only, as *The Tribune* observes, are these "imperishable thoughts" in their own right, but the account furnishes, in its conclusion, a clever commentary on a common American attitude toward boxing contests. One story is told in the volume, "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War" (Small, Maynard, Boston). Mr. Dooley speaks:

"As me good friend, Jawn Sullivan, says, 'tis a great comfort to have little reminders iv home near by whin ye're fightin'. Jawn had none, poor lad; an' that accounts f'r th'

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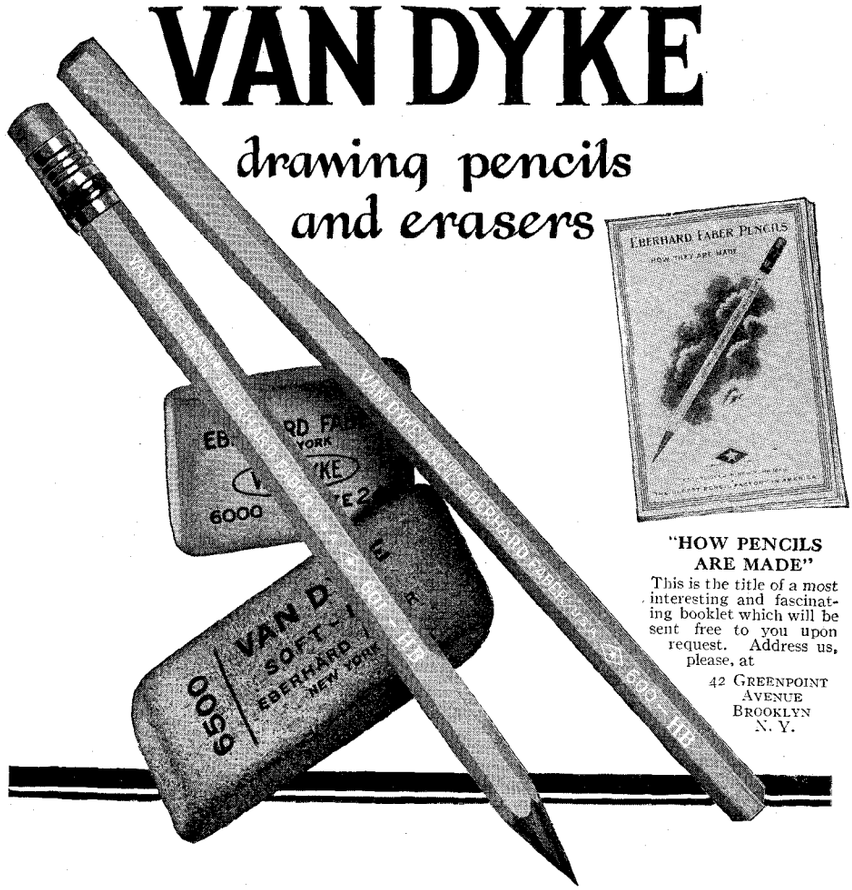

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

way he wint down at last. Th' home influo-ence is felt in ivry walk iv life. Whin Corbett was poundin' th' first jintleman iv th' land like a man shinglin' a roof, th' first lady iv th' land stood in th' corner, cheerin' on th' bruised an' bleedin' hero. 'Darlin'' she says, 'think iv ye'er home, me love. Think,' she says, 'iv our little child larnin' his caddychism in Rahway, New Jersey,' she says. 'Think iv th' love I bear ye,' she says,' 'an' paste him,' she says, 'in th' slats. Don't hit him on the jaw,' she says. 'He's well thrained there. But tuck ye'er lovin' hooks into his diseased an' achin' ribs,' she says. 'Ah, love!' she says, 'recall thim happy goolden days iv our coortship, whin we walked th' counthry lane in th' light iv th' moon,' she says, 'an hurl yer maulies into his hoops,' she says. 'Hit him on th' slats!' An' Fitz looked over his shoulder an' thinks he to himself: 'What is so good as th' love iv a pure woman?' If I don't nail this large man, she'll prob'ly kick in me head.' An' with this sacred sintiment in his heart he wint over an' jolted Corbett wan over th' laths that retired him to th' home f'r decayed actors.

"'Twas woman's love that done it, Hinnissy. I'll make a bet with ye that if th' first lady iv th' land had been in th' ring instead iv th' first jintleman, Corbett wudden't have lasted wan r-round. I'd like to have such a wife as that. I'd do th' cookin' an' lave th' fightin' to her. There ought to be more like her. Th' throuble with th' race we're bringin' up is that th' fair sect, as Shakespeare calls thim, lacks inthrest in their jooty to their husbands. It's th' business iv men to fight an' th' business iv their wives f'r to make thim fight. Ye may talk iv th' immyrality iv nailin' a man on th' jaw, but 'tis in this way on'y that th' wur-ruld increases in happiness an' th' race in strenth. Did ye see annywan th' other day that wasn't askin' to know how th' fight come out? They might say that they re-garded th' exhibition as brutal an' disgustin', but divvle a wan iv thim but was waitin' around th' corner f'r th' rayturns, an' prayin' f'r wan or th' other iv th' big lads. Father Kelly mentioned th' scrap in his sermon last Sunday. He said it was a disgraceful an' corruptin' affair an' he was ashamed to see th' young men iv th' parish takin' such inthrest in it in Lent. But late Winsdah afthernoon he came bustlin' down th' street. 'Nice day,' he says. It was poorin' rain. 'Fine,' says I. 'They was no parade to-day,' he says. 'No,' says I. 'Too bad,' says he, an' he started to go. Thin he turned an' says he: 'Be th' way, how did that there foul an' outhrajous affray in Carson City come out?' 'Fitz,' says I, 'in th' fourteenth.' 'Ye don't say,' he says, dancin' around. 'Good,' he says. 'I told Father Doyle this mornin' at breakfuss that if that red-headed man iver got wan punch at th' other lad, I'd bet a new cassock—Oh, dear!' he says, 'what am I sayin'?' 'Ye're sayin',' says I, 'what nine-tenths iv th' people, laymen an' clergy, are sayin',' I says. 'Well,' he says, 'I guess ye're right,' he says. 'Afther all,' he says, 'an' undher all, we're mere brutes, an' it on'y takes two lads more brutal than th' rest f'r to expose th' streak in th' best iv us. Foorce rules th' wur-ruld an' th' churches is empty whin th' blood begins to flow,' he says. 'It's too bad, too bad,' he says. 'Tell me, was Corbett much hurted?' he says."

MR. GROH CONTINUES TO PLAY WITH HIS HOME TEAM

"'HEINIE' GROH may yet turn out to be the Dred Scott of baseball litigations," in the opinion of the sporting editor of the New York *Evening Telegram*, who joins his brother sports critics in commenting on the fact that, much against his will, the prominent Cincinnatian player will continue to appear on the Cincinnati team. Groh, called "the late king of the holdouts," refused to sign with his old club until he exacted a promise that he should be sold or traded to some rival National League Club—the New York Giants, if baseball authorities are to be believed. His case was like that of many another mighty warrior of the diamond who, for some reason or other didn't like the company in which he was playing. "Self-determination" usually won the day in such cases, in spite of the way in which players are sold and traded about without much regard for their own desires. "Unless memory fails," to quote the writer of the column called "Comment on Current Events in Sport" in the New York *Times*, "the Giants got 'Slim' Sallee and Mike Gonzales under such condition, the Yankees acquired Carl Mays, the Cubs got Dave Robertson, and virtually all clubs at one time or another profited." Judge Landis's decision takes into consideration the wishes of the baseball public. The people of Cincinnati wished to see Groh continue as the star third-baseman of the Cincinnati Reds. Commissioner Landis ruled that he should fulfil this contract year as a member of the Reds. Groh, after being quoted in press dispatches as absolutely opposed to such a course, went back to his old position. Nearly all the sports writers accept the matter in much the spirit of "Babe" Ruth, who signs an article in the New York *American*, beginning "The decision handed down by Commissioner K. M. Landis stands out as one of the most important happenings in baseball and, in my opinion, marks the dawn of a new era in the game." The sporting editor of the New York *Times* comments, in a similar vein:

The recent decision of Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, Commissioner of Baseball, in the case of "Heinie" Groh may be regarded as a warning to ball-players in the future that deserting a club for real or fancied grievances can not be rewarded by transfer to some other club. That Groh has been lost to the Giants, who had all but closed a deal for his services, will be regretted by local fans, who are keen to see their favorite teams made as strong as is possible, but probably none will deny that the new system will work to advantage in the long run.

The ruling was in keeping with other decisions of the learned jurist since he assumed the reins as director of baseball affairs. It was charged by some of those opposing his election to the position which he now holds that Judge Landis lacked the knowledge of baseball matters which would be needed for such a post, but his actions to date have not justified the con-

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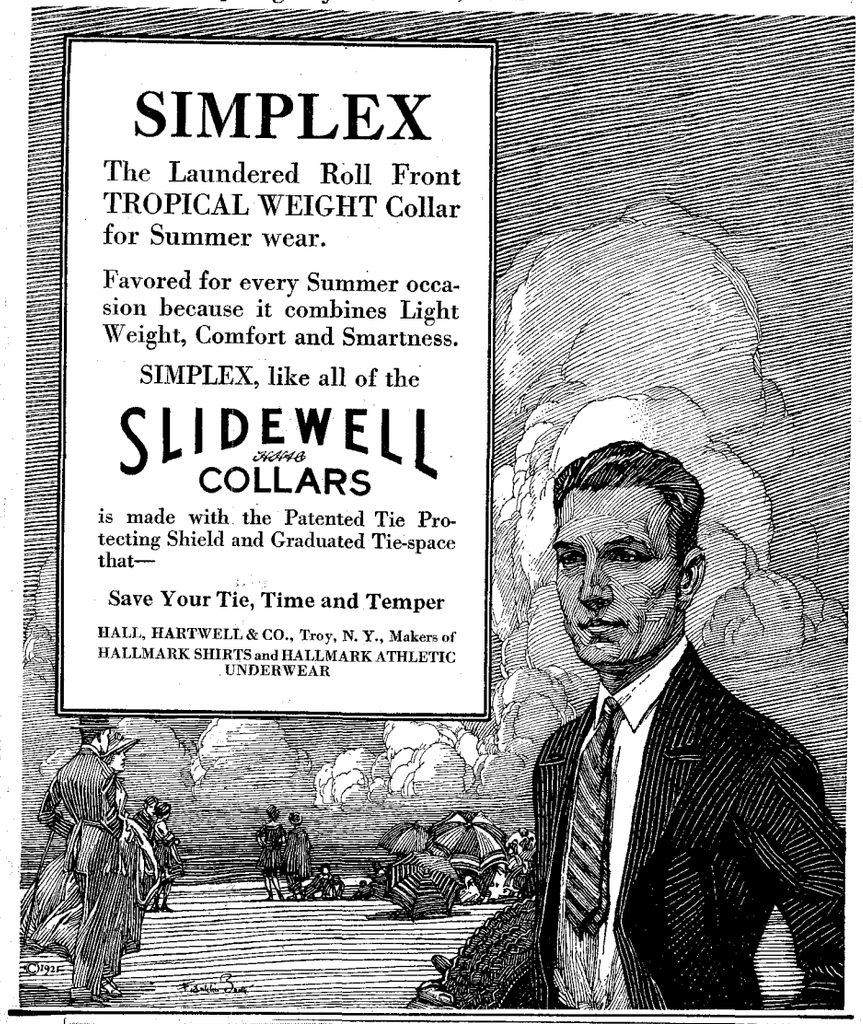

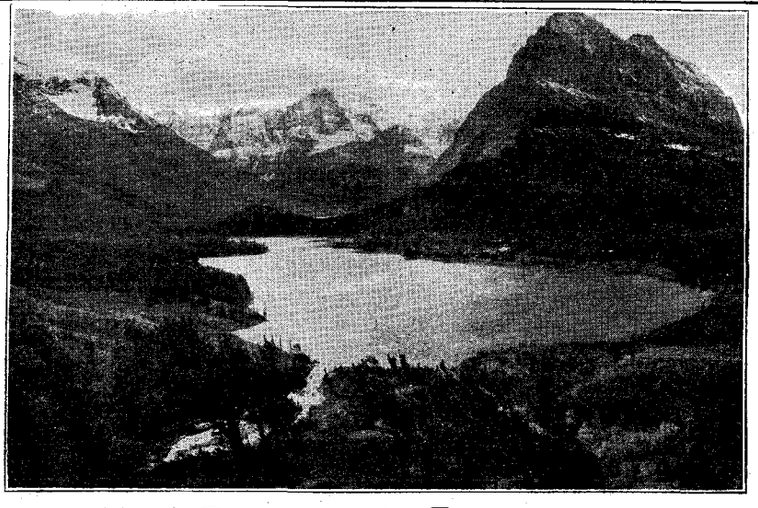

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

tention. Going a bit further than predecessors in reaching sensible conc sions has been the story of Judge Lan ever since he assumed charge of the spo

The Baseball Commissioner might ha gone even further in his decision, tho t Groh case may be regarded as sufficie precedent to prevent a recurrence. would be a good idea to sound a warni to all players that any ball-tosser w deserts his club for any reason will ineligible to play with another team for t term of one year from the refusal to rep for duty. This would make it necessa for a player to be on good terms w the club-owner holding title to his servi before he could expect a transfer, ev tho he might be dissatisfied. It may argued that a hardship is worked on t player if he is compelled to perform whe he is dissatisfied for one reason or anoth but behind this is the outstanding fa that baseball can not be conducted unl the athlete recognizes the right of t owner to control his services at all tim His skill is the main asset of the own the thing that makes magnates willing invest big money and pay large salaries.

ENGLAND REPELS AN AMERICAN GOLF INVASION

OUR greatest amateur golf experts, least three of them, in the opinion an English journal, worthy of the title "supergolfers" were taken into camp Hoylake, Scotland, by British champio so thoroughly that not one of the Ame icans reached the semifinal. "Do n weep," advises Arthur Brisbane, t Hearst editor, who evidently doesn't ca for golf. "If Americans are to be beat at any game, let it be golf. You feel abo an American playing golf as Dr. Johnso felt about a woman preaching. He was n surprized that she did not do it well; I wondered that she did it at all. So wit Americans, you wonder that they play go at all.

"How a man, energetic and nervous, Mr. Brisbane proceeds, with some hea "can hit a little white ball with a pr posterously big club, then walk a hundre or two hundred yards to hit it again, psychologically puzzling, especially a there is real work to be done."

This comforting view, which makes th "horrid tale of the British championship at Hoylake almost creditable to America manliness, is not accepted by many com mentators. The New York *Evening Ma* speaks of the defeat as "a bitter disap pointment." The cartoonist of the Co lumbus *Dispatch* represents a youth labelle "American Supremacy in Athletics" wit a black eye which he is showing to a non sympathetic Uncle Sam, with the com plaint: "Look where that Englishma hit me!" "Well, Sonny, it won't hur you," replies the philosophical Uncle "You've been pretty cocky lately!"

It must have been largely a case o

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"nerves," speculate a number of American critics in explaining the drubbing, and accounts of the match in the London papers, where it was duly given more space and prominence than practically all the rest of the day's news put together, seem to point to the same conclusion. Mr. Brisbane's "energetic and nervous" Americans were forced to play too many matches in too short a time. At the same time it is notable that Mr. Cyril Tolley, the English amateur champion, "blew up" in precisely the same way and for precisely the same reasons. Tolley was beaten by a comparatively unknown golfer, following a display of golf characterized as "hopeless." After this accident to the Englishman, it may be easier to read the English critic's story of a part of what happened to the Americans. He writes in the London *Daily Telegraph:*

Master Bobbie Jones collapsed in the most astounding manner; Mr. Wright and Mr. Fownes engaged in the delectable process of cutting one another's throats; Mr. James Douglas, a young Princeton graduate, was defeated by the great Mr. John Ball, who later in the day was defeated by a revengeful American. But the most startling thing of all was Mr. Cyril Tolley's terrible display against a comparatively unknown plus golfer from the Midlands. Of the eight men left only one is a Scotsman—Mr. W. T. Hunter, who now plays his golf at Deal. This is a sorrowful day for Scotland.

The greatest blow to American hopes was the overwhelming and extraordinary defeat of Master Bobbie Jones. After his lamentable display of the previous day his end was foreshadowed. His commanding confidence had departed, and instead of dominating the situation, no matter who was his opponent, he was struggling, and struggling infernally hard, to prevent the complete breakdown. It came to-day; his nerve had gone and he was a lost soul. His immaculate pose was still there, but the supreme skill had gone. His driving was good in parts; his second shots lacked the sting and preciseness which were a striking feature of his game; his putting was so pathetically impotent that one could almost shriek in an agony of despair. It was tragic to see this wonderful boy golfer reduced to a state of utter feebleness when he took the putter in his hand. No putt would go in; some hit the side of the hole and shot away; some bumped in and then hopped out again; others were struck with a vacillating hand and, of course, ran the length of a walking-stick past the hole without ever looking in. I believe he could have putted better with his driver, and so he admitted when all was over. "Well, Bobbie," said Ouimet, patting him on the back, "you lasted longer than most of us, and that's something, after all." "Yes," said Chick Evans, "but how very, very terrible! We started putting like angels, and now we are children at it."

That sums up the position exactly. With the greens like glass, these supergolfers positively trembled with fright when a tiny putt of a couple of feet or so came to be tackled. A drive of 250 yards, an iron shot of 180 yards to the green are accomplished with an ease which verges on the mechanical; but a putt of one yard becomes a mystifying problem. How maddening, how absurd it all seems, but this is

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the game of golf—the knocking of a littl ball into a little hole. What huma tragedies surround this horribly perplexin and exasperating pastime! Master Jone took his defeat like a sportsman; there wa no outward sign of anger, no boyish petu lance, nothing that showed his annoyanc at being beaten by a golfer who was no comparable in style or genius. He strod quickly across the thirteenth green, ex tended his hand to his opponent—a mar six feet two inches in height, a veritable gaint in comparison—and, looking up into his face, congratulated him with a most winning smile.

A moral is found in the American defeat by an editorial writer in the New York *Evening Mail*, who comments:

At least half the members of the team are good enough to win outright if the making of very low scores could win it. But it is clear that the whole team was badly overgolfed. If its members had taken four or five days' rest from the links before the championship they must have done a lot better.

But at its best, the team was up against a much harder proposition than most people realized. It numbered only twelve men, three of whom, Evans, Jones, and Ouimet, even the British concede to be, with Tolley, the finest amateurs in the world. The British in the tournament numbered over 200, and a large proportion of these players are capable of striking a day when they can beat par handsomely over even so difficult a course as Hoylake.

But any golfer knows that a capacity to beat the impersonal par is a very different thing from that of winning a championship. The finest golfer in Britain for many years, measured by his ability to make low scores consistently, was John Graham, of Royal Liverpool. But Graham could never win the championship, because of his inability to stand the strain of match play.

Many elements of psychology enter into the latter that do not enter into stroke competitions. It is significant that British professionals always decide their championship by stroke play. That is as it should be: the professional's business is to demonstrate his ability in the science of the game. But the art of it belongs to the amateur, and that art is best tested in match play.

If we had more hard, purely match-play tournaments among our own amateurs we need not fear the British. But we shall never again be able to beat them if we keep too closely to figuring on the score-card. It is a wise player who knows that he is foolish to waste his nervous energy and skill trying to get a 4 at a hole when a 6 would win it.

A Delicate Point.—An American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"Yes," answered another of the group, "that's all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?"—*The Argonaut (San Francisco)*.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

A MOUNTAIN OF BORAX

THE largest known deposit of borax, recently discovered in Clark County, Nevada, comprises a hill of pure colemanite, a calcium borate, some 3,000 feet in length and 300 to 500 feet in height. It is estimated that more than a half million tons of the ore are in sight. The location is 18½ miles from the main line of the Salt Lake Railroad, 46½ miles by automobile from Las Vegas, and about seven miles from the Colorado River. Though easily accessible, it is in a wild region, locally termed the "Muddy Mountain Country," of which hitherto little has been known, says the writer of a descriptive note in *The Chemical Age* (New York):

"Six months ago, prospectors decided to make a thorough exploration of this region. These two men, George D. Hartman and Francis Marion Lovell, were 'grub-staked,' the former by a woman in Salt Lake, and the latter by Peter Buol of Las Vegas. After months of fruitless search in which they worked their way toward the Colorado River, the explorers came to the mouth of a narrow cañon that looked like scores of other cañons they had investigated. Hartman, entering it a short distance, saw nothing of interest and suggested looking elsewhere. Lovell, however, had a 'hunch,' and going farther into the cañon, called back, 'I think I see indications of colemanite here.'

"Very soon the explorers came upon outcroppings of whitish ore resembling quartz, measuring across the exposed faces ten to twenty feet, and in one place forty-six feet or more. They continued their observations until they had made an approximate estimate and were convinced they had discovered the largest known deposit of colemanite. The date of discovery was January 23, 1921, and the honor of discovery was credited by Hartman to Lovell. The discoverers offered their property to F. M. (Borax) Smith, who, after a brief investigation, was assured that the deposit of colemanite was all that had been represented. Mr. Smith's acquirement of the property is said to be one of the biggest mineral transactions of the kind ever made.

"Colemanite was discovered in Death Valley in 1881 by F. M. Smith, now seventy-two years of age, and his associate at that time, W. T. Coleman. The latter proposed to call the ore 'Smithite,' but Smith successfully contended that Colemanite, being more euphonious, should be the name.

"When Smith first discovered borax at Teels' Marsh, Nevada, forty-nine years ago, borax was little known and little used. It now has developed into great industrial importance. It is the intention of the West End Chemical Co. to begin shipments of colemanite as soon as possible from Dyke, Nevada, on the Salt Lake Railroad until a spur line is built to the property. The proximity of the deposit to the railroad and the ease with which it can be mined will enable the company to meet competition any place in the world.

"Production and sale of borax in 1920, 35,280 tons, valued at $5,674,000, surpass that of any previous year; in 1919, 28,518 tons, valued at $4,351,891, were produced."

Your Valuable Records Make Good Fuel

But who wants to feed a fire with valuable records? You don't, of course.

Here is a revelation for you.

Stay in the office during lunch hour and look on every desk. Just see how many papers and records are left there as fuel for a possible fire.

The remedy is *GF Allsteel* Safes conveniently placed. A safe to give 24-hour protection must be near the desks where the records are used.

GF Allsteel Safes have passed the rigid tests of the National Fire Underwriters' Laboratories and give certified protection. Easily moved—stock interiors to suit any needs—compact and convenient.

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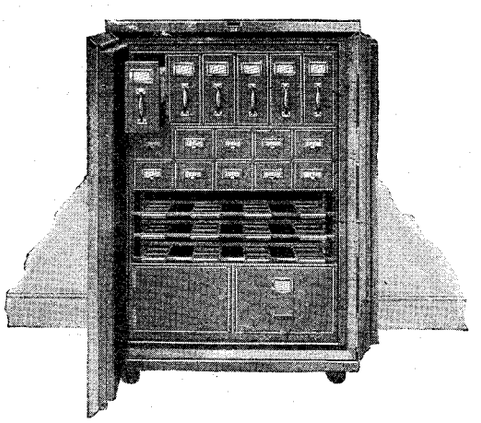

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INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

NEW YORK STATE'S DECLARATION OF WAR ON FAKE STOCK PROMOTERS

SEVERAL States have "blue-sky laws" designed to prevent their people from parting with real cash to obtain worthless securities peddled by glib-tongued salesmen and promoters. Since Wall Street is the financial center of the country, it becomes a matter of extreme importance that New York State has enacted a law with "real teeth" to deal with such swindlers. The Empire State, we read in the New York *Tribune*, has always had laws to prosecute swindling when positive evidence of wrongdoing is available. But such proof is hard to obtain. The importance of the new Martin Law, we read, "lies in the fact that it empowers the attorney-general of the State to conduct an investigation in cases where it is suspected an effort is being made to defraud the public through security offerings. Such an investigation can be made as thorough as the attorney-general's office may desire, and on the findings of the investigation legal action can be based." The attorney-general, in the words of the statute, may investigate any sale or offering of securities when "he believes it to be in the public interest that an investigation be made," and may prosecute whenever he finds evidence of fraud. *The Tribune* notes that the new law "makes possible investigation of 'wash sales' of securities, bucketing of orders, and other practises frowned upon by the authorities. Charges have been made in various quarters that a large part of the transactions reported to have taken place daily on the New York curb market are fictitious and represent padding and 'wash sales.'" We are reminded that:

The booming speculative markets of 1919, when the whole country seemed to be carried away with the fever of stock-gambling, saw the foisting upon the public of several hundreds of millions of dollars in worthless and near worthless stocks. Some of them enjoyed a market for a time, and then passed from public view. Others never had any market whatsoever. Thousands of folk traded good-as-gold United States Liberty bonds for stocks on which they were promised 50 to 100 per cent. profits overnight. When the speculative craze subsided it left the public suffering with a bad headache and a flat pocketbook. The lesson was learned by many, but the need of further safeguards against fraudulent promotions is still imperative.

A spokesman for leading Wall Street brokers is quoted as saying:

We have high hopes that the Martin Act will prove effective in restraining the operations of fraudulent stock-selling without imposing upon legitimate business the insuperable burdens imposed by most of the so-called blue-sky acts. The difference between the Martin fraud bill and the so-called blue-sky acts is essentially this: the blue-sky acts attempt to prevent fraudulent issue by the requirement of the filing with some government department of a huge, indigestible mass of data and information preliminary to the issuance or sale of securities, whereas the Martin Bill provides the machinery whereby just so soon as the attorney-general has reason to believe that fraudulent stocks are being sold, or are about to be sold, he may summarily enjoin further sales pending a thorough investigation.

The savings-banks of New York State indorsed the new law at their recent convention. They will "assist the attorney-general in smoking out and rounding up every fake promoter in the State," says the banker who will have charge of the Savings-Banks Association's campaign to collect evidence of fraud as provided for by the statute. Says this banker, as quoted in *The Tribune:*

Millions of dollars have been drawn from savings-banks in this country in the last few years and invested in fake stock schemes. The vultures who operate these devices are becoming bolder every day. Only the other day at this convention a member of this association received a cleverly worded and alluringly illustrated pamphlet which drew an odious comparison between the man or woman who put his or her savings in a savings-bank and the man or woman who invested in oil stock. Even in this advertisement the law prohibiting the use of the words "savings-bank" in financial advertising, except by savings-banks, was violated. The pamphlet was so alluring that it would make a strong appeal to the foreign-born citizen or the struggling workman who had a savings-account to draw his money out of the bank and put it into the stock offered for sale.

DISGUISED IMPORTS FROM GERMANY—An increase of "Swiss" imports into Canada from $1,400,000 to $11,857,272 in two years has aroused the suspicions of the Canadian Reconstruction Association and brought forth a demand for government punishment of merchants who have camouflaged shipments which originally originated in Germany. This incident recalls to the mind of *The Wall Street Journal* "the marvellous expansion of our commerce with the neutral Scandinavian countries contiguous to Germany immediately following the war." It seems to this daily that a surveillance of European trade hardly less exacting than that exercised by the Allies during the war "would be required to control, check, regulate, and license the extent of German reexports to Canada, America, or even to Britain—with its highly organized and sensitive inspection service in connection with trade markings." We read further:

Sentimentally, German trade is almost as near to that of Switzerland as the commerce of Scotland with England or of America with the United Kingdom. Irre-

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The last word in Quality
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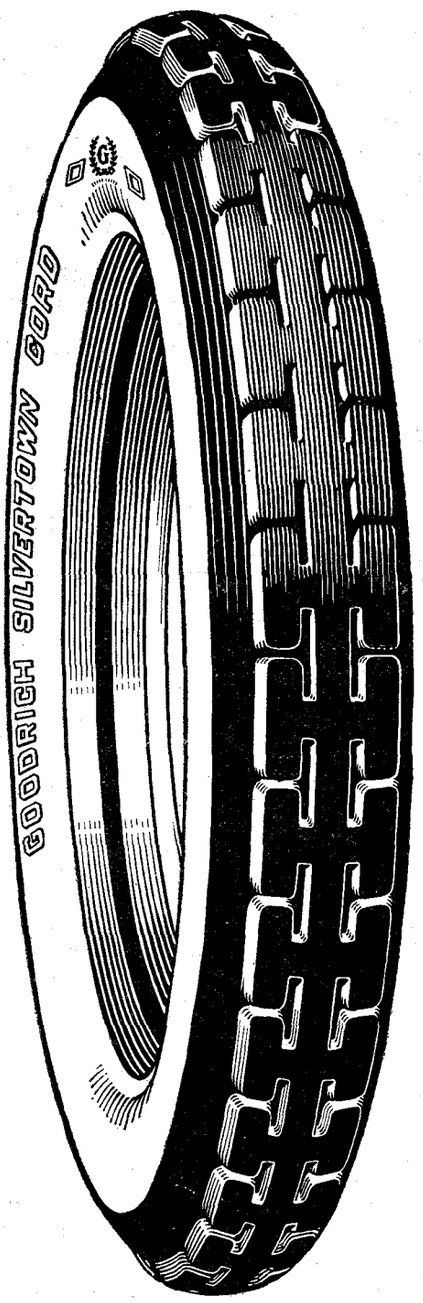

Anti-Skid Safety Tread
SILVERTOWN

SIZE	SILVERTOWN CORDS Anti-Skid Safety Tread	TUBES
30×3½	$24.50	$2.55
32×3½	$32.90	$2.90
32×4	$41.85	$3.55
33×4	$43.10	$3.70
32×4½	$47.30	$4.50
33×4½	$48.40	$4.65
34×4½	$49.65	$4.75
33×5	$58.90	$5.55
35×5	$61.90	$5.80

Fabric Tires

Smooth	30×3	$12.00
Safety	30×3	$13.45
Safety	30×3½	$16.00

Safety	32×4	$26.90
Safety	33×4	$28.30
Safety	33×4½	$37.15

THE B.F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
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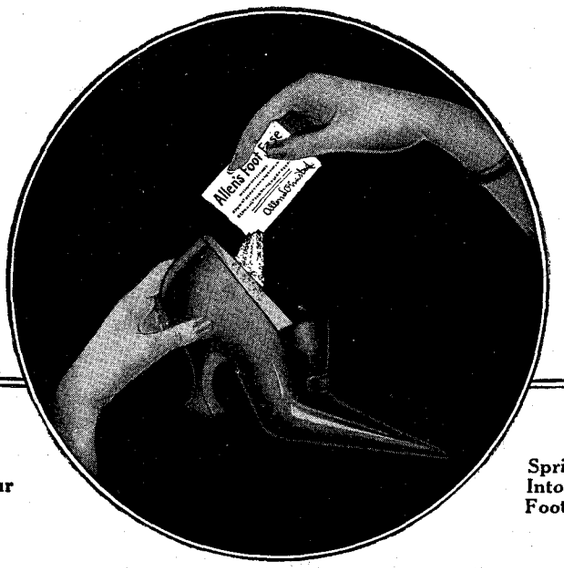

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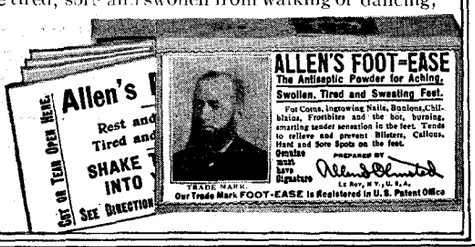
At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease **in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.**

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Ask For
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

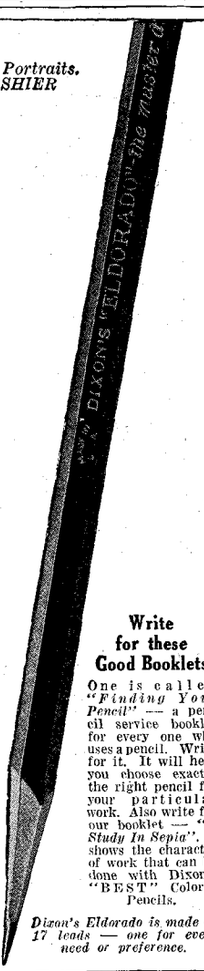


A Series of Pencil Portraits. No. 6—THE CASHIER

GEORGE PITMAN, the cashier, used to say that he didn't think he would ever get hold of a pencil that exactly suited his hand and work.

Then one day some one persuaded him to try a Dixon's Eldorado.

The change was miraculous. They say that the bandits held up George in New York the other day and the only thing he begged to be allowed to keep was his Eldorado pencil!



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Dixon's Eldorado is made in 17 leads — one for every need or preference.

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

proachable as is the neutrality of Switzerland, the highest, strongest legal barriers interposed to trade are not insurmountable by commercial ingenuity, stimulated as in the case of Holland and Switzerland by an open land frontier, forming no real boundary of social intercourse.

Certainly regulations have yet to be devised to mark the exact stage of transformation at which a German product can not by some formal factory process become an original Swiss, Hungarian, Polish, Swedish, or Dutch export.

FALLING LIVING COSTS IN BRITAIN

THE London *Economist* cites *The Labor Gazette* as authority for the statement that the average level of English retail prices in the statistics prepared by the Ministry of Labor (including food, rent, clothing, fuel, and light and miscellaneous items) was on May 1 128 per cent. above that of July, 1914, as compared with 165 per cent. at January 1, 1920. Retail food prices in April, it is noted, declined 6 points, butter, margarine, bacon, eggs, and milk all contributing to the fall. The table printed in *The Economist* shows that a steady monthly decline in general prices has been going on since November last:

ALL ITEMS: AVERAGE PERCENTAGE INCREASE OVER JULY, 1914

1920	*Per Cent.*
January	125
February	130
March	130
April	132
May	141
June	150
July	152
August	155
September	161
October	164
November	176
December	169
1921	
January	165
February	151
March	141
April	133
May	128

NEW LOW RECORDS FOR ROMANOFFS

IT may be news to some readers that there is still a market for paper money issued by the old Czaristic Government in Russia, tho it would seem to be of value chiefly as a curiosity. The New York *Evening Post* calls attention to the fact that new low records were made by the "Romanoffs" at the end of last month. Rubles, with a par value of 50 cents, sold at .28 of a cent, and—

There is little doubt that the 500-ruble notes could be obtained in immense amounts at the rate of 4 rubles for a cent, or 25 cents for 100 rubles. This crumbling away of the market is due to the fact that importations to this city have assumed an enormous volume, completely swamping the demand. The internal 5½ per cent. Russian bonds issued by the Romanoff régime also established a new low level, selling at 5½, meaning that a 1,000-ruble 5½ per cent. bond could be obtained for $5.50. These bonds were placed in large amounts before the war at $230 to the 1,000-ruble bond.

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WHOLESALE PRICES DECLINING MORE SLOWLY

DURING the month of May, it seems to the editor of *Bradstreet's*, there was an approach to something like price stabilization, at least as far as wholesale prices are concerned. For several weeks, as shown in the regular reports, "liquidation of many farm products slowed down. Wheat sharply advanced. Cotton steadied and enough other quotations stood still to offset declines which manifested themselves in some few commodities, notably dairy products and some live stock." The monthly index-number of June 1 marked a decline of only 1.9 per cent. for the month. This was the lowest price average since November 1, 1915, being a decline of 16.1 per cent. from January 1 this year and 49.1 per cent. from February 1, 1920, to a peak point of prices. According to *Bradstreet's*, about 85 per cent. of the rise above prewar wholesale prices has been canceled. Comparing June 1 figures with those of May 1, we note an actual advance in prices of breadstuffs, metals, oils, building materials, and chemicals; while live stock, provisions, and textiles continue to drop. A writer on the New York *Evening Post's* financial page, after studying price computations made by several authorities, concludes that "the most marked slackening in the rate of decline that has appeared recently came last month." He continues:

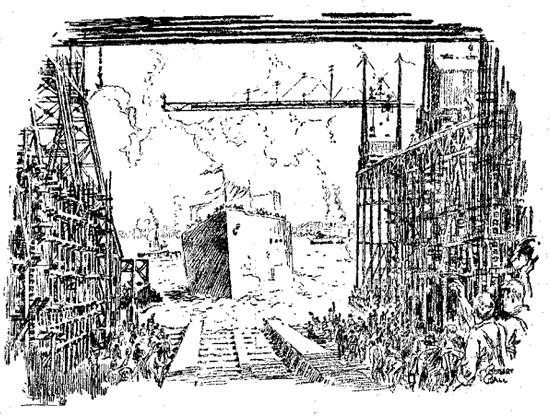
Breadstuff prices rose sharply during May, thus tending to offset continued declines in other groups carried by the index-numbers. General declines in recent months do not compare in magnitude with those recorded last fall. The three principal monthly indices showing price movements in 1921 are given below, with 1913 averages as 100. The table also shows the percentage of decline from each preceding month:

	Bradstreet	
	Index	*Decline*
Average, 1913	100	....
Peak, 1920	227	....
January 1, 1921	138	....
February 1	134	—2.3
March 1	129	—4.1
April 1	124	—4.1
May 1	118	—4.9
June 1	115	—1.9

	Dun	
	Index	*Decline*
Average, 1913	100	....
Peak, 1920	218	....
January 1, 1921	164	....
February 1	154	—6.5
March 1	151	—2.1
April 1	144	—4.1
May 1	138	—4.4
June 1	137	—0.4

	Bureau of Labor	
	Index	*Decline*
Average, 1913	100	....
Peak, 1920	272	....
January 1, 1921	189	....
February 1	177	—6.4
March 1	167	—5.6
April 1	162	—3.0
May 1	154	—4.9
June 1	...	....

The last figure reported by the *Bureau of Labor Statistics*, which computes its index from the average prices during the month rather than from prices on the first of the month, as do *Bradstreet's* and *Dun's*, shows a decline of 44 per cent. from the 1920 peak. *Bradstreet's* index, which represents raw materials primarily, has fallen 49 per cent. from its peak and stands only 15 per cent. above the 1913 level.



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CURRENT • EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 8.—Armed Sinn-Feiners cut several hundred telegraph and telephone wires in an effort to isolate London and Liverpool. Outbreaks in Dublin result in the death of one civilian and the serious wounding of five policemen and five civilians.

General von Hoefer, commanding German forces in Upper Silesia, promises the British commander to refrain from any further forward movement. At Kandrzin, Upper Silesia, Polish insurgents are repulsed with severe losses after five counter-attacks on the Germans, who take 1,700 prisoners.

Turkish Nationalist authorities have opened the frontiers to admit Moslem Bolshevik troops concentrated on the Armenian border, according to a dispatch from Constantinople.

June 9.—The British Government issues as a "White Paper" the text of what purports to be the draft of a proposed treaty between the Russian Soviet Government and the "Republic of Ireland," alleged to have been captured in Dublin.

The British clear the district from Coselitz to Schoenwarde, in Upper Silesia, of insurgent Poles.

June 10.—The Far-Eastern Republic's representative at Peking hands notes to the Chinese Government and to the Japanese, British, and American Ministers, reiterating the Far-Eastern Government's protest against Japan's interference in Siberia.

The Inter-Allied Commission orders armed Germans in Silesia to withdraw to the west of the Oder River and the Poles to withdraw to the boundary between Rybnik and Ratibor, according to a dispatch from London.

The Chamber of Commerce of Osaka adopts a resolution petitioning the Japanese Government to take the initiative in communicating with the United States and Great Britain relative to disarmament.

June 11.—Twenty-two Unionist representatives are elected without opposition as members of the Senate in the Northern Irish Parliament. Nationalists and Sinn-Feiners ignore the election.

June 12.—Masked assassins slay four men, and two others are killed in street-rioting, in Belfast.

June 13.—Italy assures Great Britain of full support for the British plan to reestablish the authority of the Allied Commission of control over the disturbed area of Upper Silesia.

June 14.—Mustafa Kemal Pasha, leader of the Turkish Nationalists, threatens the British Empire with a Moslem uprising, according to a Constantinople dispatch to London.

Japan is ready to agree to the United States exercising complete control over the American cables traversing the Island of Yap to Mendana and to Guam, according to a report in London, but is averse to internationalization of the island.

Serious rioting continues in Belfast; one girl is killed and two women are injured. At Lisaeul, Crown forces surprize and scatter fifty civilians, said to have been drilling, and kill one.

Great Britain will replace the existing Provisional Native Government of Mesopotamia by the creation of an Arab state, Winston Churchill, Colonial Secretary, announces in the House of Commons.

CONGRESS

June 8.—The Senate provides for an Army of 150,000 men by voting to appropriate $81,000,000, or $2,000,000 below the sum recommended by the Military Committee. The Army Bill now goes to conference.

June 9.—The Senate adopts a resolution to inquire into the speech of Admiral Sims in England directed against certain Irish elements in America.

The Senate adopts a resolution providing for a select committee to investigate all government agencies dealing with former service men.

June 10.—The House passes the Sweet Bill for coordination of the various agencies for relief of former service men under a Bureau in the Treasury Department.

June 13.—The Porter resolution to terminate the state of war between the United States and the Central Powers passes the House by a vote of 305 to 61.

DOMESTIC

June 8.—Secretary of the Navy Denby orders Admiral Sims to report on his speech in England arraigning Sinn-Feiners in America.

The Republican National Committee adopts a rule restricting the number of delegates from Southern States to two from a district if there were 10,000 Republican votes cast in the preceding Congressional election, and no delegate unless there were 2,500 Republican votes cast. No district will have delegates unless that district has a *bona-fide* Republican organization and a Republican candidate for Congress in the preceding election.

June 9.—Col. Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., commander of the American Legion, is killed in a motor-car accident near Indianapolis.

June 10.—The White House announces the appointment of Roy Haynes, of Hillsboro, Ohio, as National Prohibition Commissioner, to succeed John F. Kramer.

June 11.—Secretary of the Navy Denby cables Admiral Sims to return from England and report in person on his recent speech on Sinn-Fein activities in America.

The Secretaries of War, Navy, and Commerce decide to recommend to Congress the purchase of the Cape Cod Canal by the Government for $11,500,000.

June 12.—President Harding's recommendation that the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coast marine workers settle their strike by accepting the six months' agreement and a 15 per cent. wage reduction is rejected by the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association.

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CHICLE

CURRENT EVENTS
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President Harding issues an appeal to young men of the country to attend the citizens' military training-camps, which will open in July for a period of thirty days.

Two hundred and one railroads of the country had a net operating income of $29,201,000, during April, $1,494,000 less than in March, according to reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission by the carriers.

June 13.—Secretary Frank Morrison's report to the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor in Denver shows that there were 1,634 strikes during the year, involving 191,934 members, costing $8,462,174. President Samuel Gompers speaks for closer alliance and cooperation between the organized industrial workers and the farmers.

American military authorities in Haiti, it is announced, have been ordered to take control in a large measure of Haiti's civil courts because of their failure to deal with agitators.

June 14.—The striking marine engineers accept the compromise six months' agreement, including a 15 per cent. wage reduction, signed with the Shipping Board by their national president, William S. Brown.

John G. Emery, of Grand Rapids, Mich., National Vice-Commander, is elected National Commander of the American Legion, to succeed Frederick W. Galbraith.

Cyrus E. Woods, of Greensburg, Pa., is selected by President Harding as Ambassador to Spain, succeeding Joseph E. Willard.

When Silence Was Dangerous.—A merchant was recently persuaded to purchase an excellent parrot. This one had traveled far and could jabber in several foreign lingoes. He ordered it sent home. That same day his wife had ordered a fresh spring chicken for dinner. On leaving the house she said to the cook: "Mary, there's a bird coming for dinner. Wring its neck and have it fried hot for Mr. Richards when he gets home." Unfortunately the parrot arrived first and Mary followed instructions. At dinner he was duly served. "What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Richards. Mary told him. "But, for goodness' sakes, Mary," he said, "this is awful. That bird could speak seven languages." "Then, phwy the divil didn't he say something?" asked Mary.—*Exchange.*

The Drawback.—An American tourist in Scotland took a great fancy to a handsome collie he saw, and offered to buy it. The owner asked some questions, and on learning that it was the would-be purchaser's intention to take "Jock" to America he refused to part with the dog.

Just then an English tourist came along, and he also made a bid for the collie, which, tho less than the first offer, was accepted. The American was annoyed, and when the Englishman had departed, he said: "You told me you wouldn't sell your dog."

"Na, na," replied the canny Scot. "I said I couldna part wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or two, never fear. But he couldna swim the Atlantic."—*London Opinion.*

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Awful Both Ways.—"Awful Cost of Government," says a head-line. Yes, and sometimes it is the cost of awful government.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Try This.—"I hear that Mrs. Blank calls her cook a *chef*. How absurd!"
"Oh, I don't know! Perhaps that's how she gets her to stay."—*Boston Transcript.*

What They Needed.—MOTHER—"We must get a nurse for the baby."
NEW POP—"A nurse? What we need is a night watchman."—*Boston Transcript.*

Close Race Indicated.—A scientist predicts that the end of the earth will be glacial. In other words, the coal trust will outlive the ice trust.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

As the Moisture Evaporates.—Many Americans who made a point of laying up something for a rainy day now wish they had laid up something for a dry one.—*London Opinion.*

Not in the Business.—"I'm not quite sure about your washing-machine. Will you demonstrate it again?"
"No, madam. We only do one week's washing."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Fishy Record.—FIRST STENOG. (reading)—"Think of those Spaniards going 3,000 miles on a galleon!"
SECOND STENOG.—"Aw, forget it. Yuh can't believe all yuh hear about them foreign cars."—*New York American.*

Necessary.—FLATBUSH—"Why do they have those glass cases with the axes, crowbars, and other implements in 'em in the railroad passenger-cars, do you suppose?"
BENSONHURST—"Oh, they are put there to use in case some one wants to open a window."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Free Absolution Wanted.—HOSTESS (to distinguished prelate)—"And what does your reverence think of the Germans?"
PRELATE—"They resemble, alas, many of my beautiful parishioners. They always ask for absolution, but they never want to do any penance."—*Paris L'Illustration.*

Grandpa Obliges.—OFFICE BOY (anxious to go to football match)—"May I have the afternoon off, sir? My grand—"
EMPLOYER—"Oh, yes, I've heard that before. Your grandmother died last week."
OFFICE BOY—"Yes, sir, but—my grandfather's getting married again this afternoon."—*Punch.*

Relativity

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder where you are;
High above I see you shine,
But, according to Einstein,
You are not where you pretend,
You are just around the bend;
And your sweet seductive ray
Has been leading men astray
All these years—O little star,
Don't you know how bad you are?
—*Science and Invention.*

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As to Floating.—When a man first learns to swim, he finds that it's just about as easy to float alone as in later life to float a loan.—*Sun Dodger.*

Ready to Help.—"Oh, doctor, I am suffering so much I want to die!"

"You did perfectly right to call me."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Just So.—"What is it that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Jim.

"I suppose it's the beams," replied his brother.—*Boy's Life.*

Why He Came.—JOAN—"Mummy, was baby sent down from heaven?"

MOTHER—"Yes, dear."

JOAN—"They do like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"—*The Passing Show (London).*

Not Guilty.—TRAVELER—"Your son just threw a stone at me."

IRISHMAN—"Did he hit you?"

TRAVELER—"No."

IRISHMAN—"Well, then he wasn't my boy."—*Mugwump.*

Verbal Barrage.—"Shall I go over the top?" asked the talkative barber, poising his shears.

"Yes, as soon as your gas-attack is over," answered the weary customer.—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Against Their Principles.—FIRST EGG—"Let's speak to those girls in the corner."

SECOND EGG—"'Sno use; they are telephone girls."

FIRST EGG—"What of it?"

SECOND EGG—"They won't answer."—*Pitt Panther.*

Dad Hubbard Beat Her to It.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get a yeast-cake for her bread;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare—
It was in the home-brew instead.
—*Progress.*

Political Hint.—HE—"I suppose when all women vote the party managers will have to put handsome men on their tickets for candidates."

SHE—"What makes you think women will demand handsome men to vote for when you look at the kind the most of them marry?"—*Baltimore American.*

Taking a Chance.—Junior was in the habit of coming to the table with a dirty face and, of course, had to be sent away to wash.

One time his mother, nearly losing patience, said: "Junior, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you away."

"Well," said Junior, meekly, "once you forgot."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Plenty for a Starter.—"Where's Jimmy?" asked the head of the house, coming home from work.

"He was very naughty," replied his wife. "I sent him to bed for swearing."

"Swearing?" roared the indignant father. "I'll teach him to swear!" and he rushed up-stairs. For some minutes the indignant parental voice resounded through the house, and then Jimmy's mother called:

"John, dear. I'm sure Jimmy has heard enough for the first lesson."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"W. E. A., Jr.," Portsmouth, Va.—"Please advise me if the question 'How are *you all?*' is correct when addressed to two or more persons."

The expression "you all" is a Shakespearianism preserved in the South since the founding of Virginia. One says "you all" when one means "you all." Some contend the "all" is unnecessary, but it prevents confusion, and its use is justified. Some people—many thoughtless people—in the South say "you all," meaning one person. The educated people do not, nor did Shakespeare. "I see *you all* are bent to set against me your merriment."—*Midsummer Night's Dream,* act iii, scene 2.

"*You all* did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse.
You all did love him once, not without cause
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
You all do know this mantle!"
—*Julius Cæsar,* act iii, scene 2

As you are referring to more than one person your sentence is correct—"How are *you all?*"

"J. H. R.," Gonzales, Texas.—"A check issued by a bank drawn on itself is usually called a *cashiers check.* I have noticed this spelled with the apostrophe before the second 's' in *cashiers,* also, after the 's,' and then again spelled as one word. Which is correct?"

The correct form is *cashier's check.*

"M. L. W.," New York, N. Y.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of the name *Vicente Blasco Ibanez.*"

The name *Vicente Blasco Ibanez* is pronounced *vi-then'te* (*i* as in *police, th* as in *thin,* first *e* as in *get,* second *e* as in *prey*), *blas'ko* (*a* as in *art, o* as in *go*), *i-ba'nyeth* (*i* as in *police, a* as in *art, e* as in *prey*).

"F. B. M.," Poplar Bluff, Mo.—"Kindly give the correct pronunciation of the word *alternate* when used in the sense of one person serving in place of another."

The noun *alternate* is pronounced *al-tur'nit*—*a* as in *fat, u* as in *burn, i* as in *habit;* or *ol-tur'nit*—*o* as in *or, u* as in *burn, i* as in *habit.*

"D. W. L.," Minneapolis, Minn.—"Kindly give me the meanings of the terms *Sinn Fein* and *pogrom.*"

The term *Sinn Fein* is defined as: "(Ir.) Literally, ourselves alone: an Irish society aiming at both independence and the cultural development of the Irish race. Founded about 1905, it caused a revolt in 1916." *Pogrom* means: "A local disturbance, as a riot, pillage, etc., instigated by officials under the direction of the central government."

"A. K.," Tacoma, Wash.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of the following words: *address, data, penalize,* and *status.*"

The words you give are pronounced as follows: *Address,* noun and verb, *a-dres'*—*a* as in *fat, e* as in *get; data, de'ta*—*e* as in *prey, a* as in *final; penalize, pi'nal-aiz*—*i* as in *police, a* as in *final, ai* as in *aisle; status, ste'tus*—*e* as in *prey, u* as in *but.*

"H. C.," Los Angeles, Cal.—Both forms, *enclose* and *inclose,* are correct, but *enclose* is the preferred form.

"W. H. B.," El Reno, Okla.—"Should a hyphen be used in the word *cooperative?* Also, what is the correct pronunciation?"

No hyphen is used in the word *cooperative,* which is pronounced *ko-op'ar-a-tiv*—first *o* as in *obey,* second *o* as in *not, a's* as in *final, i* as in *hit.*

"W. W.," New York, N. Y.—The insertion of "k" after "c" to form the past tense of verbs tends to prevent an erroneous pronunciation. Thus, *mimic, picnic, shellac* in their past tenses take "k" before "ed," because "c" before "e," "i," "y," "æ," and "œ" is pronounced soft like "s," and the "k" is therefore necessary to show the true pronunciation.

"J. M.," Chicago, Ill.—"Is the 's' in the word *viscount* sounded?"

The word *viscount* is pronounced *vai'kount*—*ai* as in *aisle,* and *ou* as in *house,* the *s* being silent.

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